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# **LARGE GAME SHOOTING**

**IN**

**THIBET AND THE NORTH WEST.**





# LARGE GAME SHOOTING

IN

## THIBET AND THE NORTH WEST.

BY

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*(The Prince Consort's Own)*

*RIFLE BRIGADE.*

*Illustrated by Photographs*

TAKEN BY ARTHUR LUCAS, OF WIGMORE STREET.



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# INTRODUCTION.

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NUMEROUS as are the books that have been written about Indian sports, I have still found that many good sportsmen are unacquainted with various animals coming under the comprehensive term of "Large Game," which inhabit the widely different countries constituting our Indian Empire. Most books have been written about one branch of sport, Tiger-shooting, Elephant-shooting, Pig-sticking, or shooting in the hills. Few books have been illustrated, and I only know of two (Rice's book on "Tiger Shooting," and Col. Campbell's "My Indian Journal"), in which the drawings give anything like a correct idea of the animals which they are intended to represent.

In the present work, I have endeavoured to supply a want which I believe is felt by sportsmen, and to produce a book which, by means of photographs, shall give faithful portraits of most of the Large Game animals to be met with in the parts of India to which it refers. I have also given general descriptions of the beasts and of the districts they inhabit, and have added such notes on their habits and Natural History as I have gathered from personal observation. I have, for the most part, confined myself to the results of my own experience, as I am aware how often common errors are perpetuated by people merely repeating what they have heard, without giving themselves the trouble of verifying its correctness. Of course, I do not pretend to say that I have not fallen into many errors myself, but I have at least done my best to give as correct an idea as possible of the different animals described, and to afford some assistance to those who are fond of the chase. I have given anecdotes of my personal experience in hunting in all the different regions I describe, and only hope that I shall not tire the reader by the necessarily egotistical nature of my narratives.

During several years' residence in India, I have been fortunate enough to enjoy a large share of leave: most of it has been spent in travelling and shooting; and I have thus been enabled to wander over a very large tract of country. There is hardly an animal, whose habitat I have visited, which I have not met with, and there are very few which I have not shot. I have never made, indeed I have never tried for, large bags. Travelling generally alone, after obtaining one or two good specimens of any animal, I have usually given up its pursuit, and set out in search of some other species, only to be found, perhaps, at the distance of many marches. My journal, therefore, if given entire, would often be very tedious, days of sport occurring only now and then during weeks of dreary marching, so I have thought it better merely to make extracts from my Diary, which was usually written every night.

I have appended a map, giving the various routes I have travelled, and by reference to

this and to the Cashmere Route Map, any intending traveller may easily find out how long it will take him to reach the ground he desires to hunt over.

It is principally to the photographs that I look for the success of my book. They, in almost all cases, give a good representation of the real animal; they are all taken from heads shot by myself and stuffed by Mr. Edwin Ward of Wigmore Street. Being all photographed from the same distance, the portraits also show the relative size of the horns. Of some well-known animals I have not thought it necessary to give likenesses; the Bear and the Wild Boar, for instance, are too well known to require an introduction! and the Cashmere Stag so exactly resembles the Scotch one, that unless I possessed an extraordinarily fine pair of horns (which I unfortunately do not) there would be no use in giving his portrait.

My book does not pretend to be a scientific one, and objection may be taken to the very unsystematic manner in which it is divided. My reasons for doing so are as follows:—I have not quite completed my collection of specimens, and neither the series of hill animals, nor of those inhabiting the plains, is quite perfect. I have, therefore, as nearly as possible, separated the animals belonging to the Punjab, Cashmere, and Ladak, from those indigenous to the north-west provinces, and the eastern hill States, in fact, the River Sutlej would almost form the boundary line. I am aware that several of the beasts are common to both these arbitrary divisions of country, but the distinction is sufficiently accurate for my purpose. If this part of my work meets with the approval which I venture to hope for, a second part will be issued very shortly. As many animals inhabit the same country, descriptions of the scenery, amidst which each occurrence mentioned in these pages took place, would often be mere repetitions; I have, therefore, devoted the first chapter to an account of the various provinces and natural divisions of country, mentioning what animals are found in each; and in my anecdotes I have supposed the reader to bear in mind the nature of the country, when following my story.

In the appendix, I have given some hints on travelling, especially in the hills, which I hope may prove useful. The present volume, being principally devoted to shooting in the hills, the map and other information are intended chiefly as a guide to sportsmen visiting those regions.

Shooting in the plains will be more fully dealt with in Part II, to which an Index is here appended.

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## CONTENTS OF PART II.

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CHAPTER I. YAK.—CHAP. II. TAHR.—CHAP. III. SEROW.—CHAP. IV. GOORAL.—CHAP. V. BARKING DEER.—CHAP. VI. SAMBUR.—CHAP. VII. SPOTTED DEER.—CHAP. VIII. HOG DEER.—CHAP. IX. SWAMP DEER.—CHAP. X. TIGER.—CHAP. XI. PANTHER.—CHAP. XII. BLACK BEAR.—CHAP. XIII. ELEPHANT.—CHAP. XIV. NILGHAU.—CHAP. XV. FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE, &c., &c.

## ERRATA

Page 6—For *Thibetan Isors* read *Tsors*.

Page 7, line 13—For *Tchiron* read *Tchirou*.

Page 8, line 31—For *Mataigun* read *Malaiyun*.

Page 10—For *Piocapra* read *Procapra*.

Page 11, line 20—For *driver* read *drive*.

Page 14, line 15—For *Thaunadar* read *Tnaunadar*.

Page 18, line 3—For *stand* read *stands*.

Page 32, line 10—For *Wurdurn* read *Wurdun*.

Page 34, lines 9 and 13—For *Wurdurn* read *Wurdun*.

Page 40, lines 12 and 13—Read “*but thinking that it might get stiff if left alone, I allowed my Shikarrie to stay while we skinned the dead one.*”

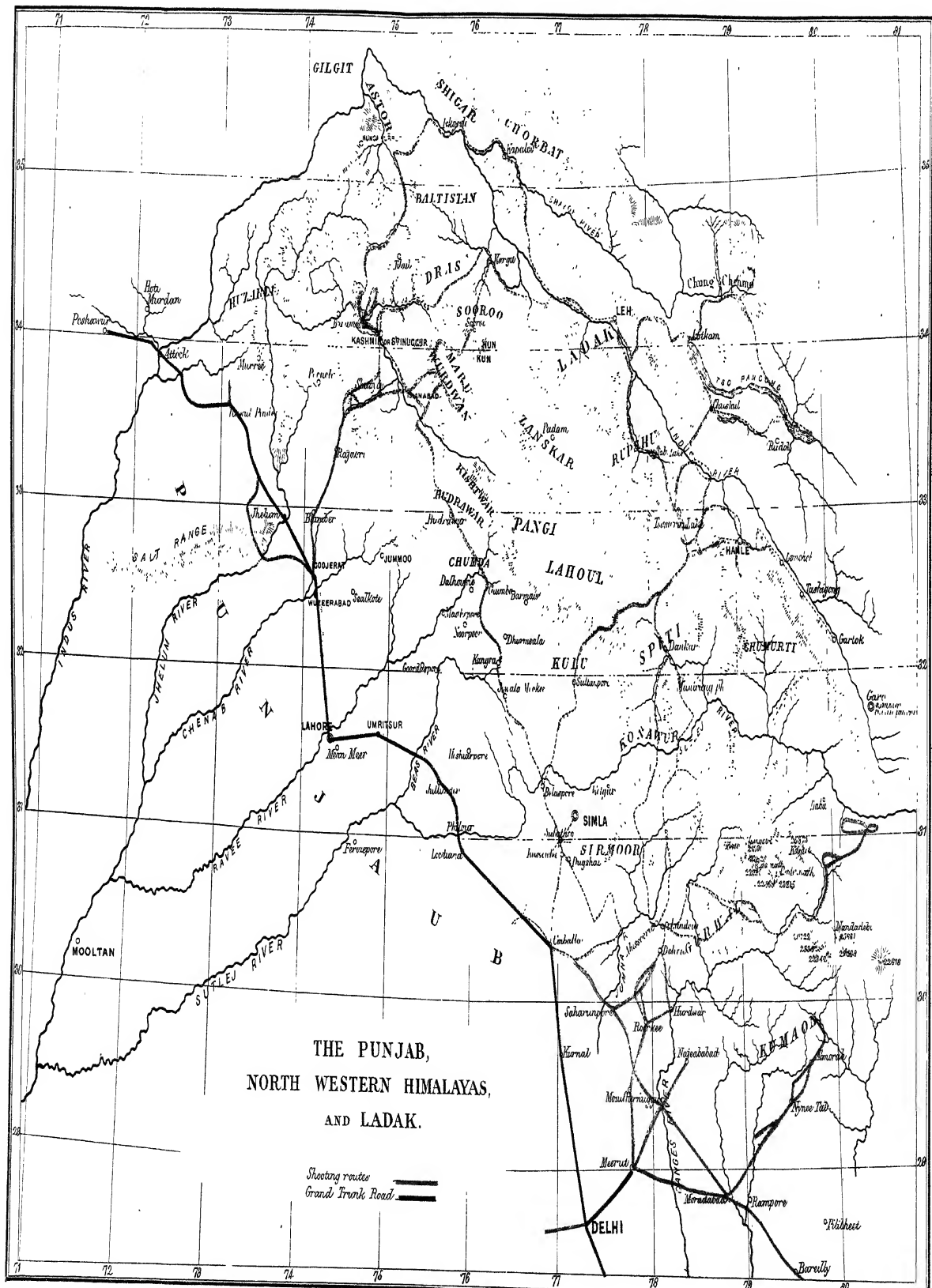
Page 41—For *ROUSE* read *RONSE*.

Page 52, line 38—For *Kurdar* read *Khadar*.

Page 54, line 5—For *Kurdar* read *Khadar*.









# LARGE GAME SHOOTING.

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## CHAPTER I.

### DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRY.

No country in the world affords such a variety of sport as our Indian Empire, and no part of it contains so many different animals as the region which lies between the great watershed of Asia and the plains of Hindostan.

There we have the extremes of a nearly arctic and a tropical climate; of precipitous and barren mountains, and plains clothed with the densest vegetation; and in each situation we find various descriptions of "large game," to understand whose habits we must be acquainted with the peculiarities of their natural haunts.

I shall attempt to give some idea of the different hunting grounds I have visited, although descriptions must always fall far short of conveying a proper conception of the magnificence of Himalayan scenery; and not even the word-painting of a Ruskin could do justice to the magical effects of light and vivid colouring to be witnessed among the wonderfully tinted hills of Thibet through the medium of an atmosphere compared with which that of Italy is foggy.

As I have begun with Thibetan, or as they may be called "snow" animals, I shall commence with that wild and little-known country Thibet. Under this head several distinct provinces are included—Ladak, Bultistan, and some of the frontier districts of Chinese Tartary which are partially accessible to Englishmen.

Many people dislike Thibet, but in spite of its bleak, desert appearance, and severe climate, it has great charms for me. One there experiences a sensation of perfect freedom which I have never felt elsewhere; and a sort of mystery still hangs over the country, which modern geographical researches have stripped from almost every other country in the world.

The greater part of Thibet is rugged and mountainous, but the mountains as a rule are not very high above the plane of their actual bases, though the mean elevation of the country is somewhere about 14,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Few plains of any extent occur, but the country is much intersected by streams and rivers, which take their rise among the snows and glaciers of the Kara Koram, and other lofty ranges. The line of perpetual snow is very high, being about 23,000 feet. Although snow falls occasionally even in summer it does not lie on the arid stony soil. Rain very seldom falls, and the sky is generally cloudless during the summer months.

Being thus exposed to the burning rays of the sun, the country looks almost a desert; no trees, few bushes, and but little vegetation of any sort meet the eye, but here and there a tuft of some aromatic herb springs up among the stones and affords the only pasturage for the wild animals. That want of moisture and not the sterility of the soil is the cause, is clearly shown by the strip of bright green grass which always adorns the bank of any constant stream, and by the fine crops which grow around the villages where artificial irrigation is employed.

No part of Thibet perhaps excels in wildness and desolation the valley of Chung Chenmo. Here, on climbing to the top of one of the hills which immediately overlook the valley, one's eye rests on nothing but ridge after ridge of red stony hills (usually smooth and rounded, but here and there with craggy summits) stretching away in the distance till the view is at last bounded by a chain of snow-capped peaks. Beneath lies the arid valley, the stones and sand quivering in the blazing sunshine, causing a mirage which distorts all distant objects in an extraordinary way. On either side of the stream are wide level flats richly clothed with a coarse grass, and a green plain also extends from the hot sulphurous spring of Keum nearly to the banks of the river. These grassy flats are the favourite feeding grounds of the Thibetan Antelope, and occasionally of the Yâk. On the gentle slopes of the hills on either side no traces of vegetation are at first apparent, but on a narrower inspection some scanty tufts will be observed. A mile or two below the hot spring a tributary stream comes down from the valley of Kyobrung. Ascending this for about thirty miles one reaches its sources among the glaciers which close the head of each of the little valleys and there unite their streams to form the main river. A greater scene of desolation cannot be conceived; cold grey rocks, ice, and snow all piled up in the most fantastic manner in grand confusion; not a trace of life, either animal or vegetable; not a sound to be heard except the trickling of the water, the occasional crack of splitting ice, or rumble of falling stones. In the upper parts of the Kyobrung valley, but below the glaciers there is still more grass than in Chung Chenmo, but it is later in the season before the snows are melted off it.

Four or five marches south of Chung Chenmo one reaches the shores of the Pangong Lake, or rather chain of lakes. This occupies a great valley of more than a hundred miles in length, bounded on the southern side by high, rocky, snow-capped mountains, while the hills which slope down to the water's edge on the northern shore are low and rounded. They are of almost every hue, brown, red, purple, pink, orange, yellow, and grey, and when seen from the southern shore, reflected in the deep blue waters of the lake, form a picture which if produced on canvas would probably be pronounced unreal by those who had never seen the original. Owing to the wonderful clearness of the air,

every outline is as sharp, every tint as vivid, at a distance of twenty miles, as if only a mile away.

These great lakes are a peculiar feature in Thibet: many exist in various parts of the country: some are salt, most are at least brackish, and there are evident signs that many of them were once of far greater extent than they now are. On the shores of these lakes are occasional marshy plains whitened by the efflorescence of various salts, and these are generally the pasture grounds of numerous herds of Kyang. On the rounded hills near the lakes are the favourite haunts of the king of Thibetan game, the *Ovis Ammon*. The upper parts of the valleys of the great rivers are similar to those of the lakes, and the same fauna are met with, including the little Thibet Antelope or *Goa*. Lower down, the valleys contract and the hills become usually steeper and more rocky: vegetation though still scarce is more plentiful than in the upper regions, and in many places wild flowers of great beauty may be found. On the steeper and more rocky hills, especially towards the sources of the smaller streams, the *Burrell* is everywhere to be met with, while on the more rounded and undulating hills its near relative the *Shāpoo* is more common. On one occasion in a small valley near Gya I saw all three species of Wild Sheep, viz., the *Ovis Ammon*, the *Burrell*, and the *Shāpoo* in one day and on the same ground, but such an incident must I fancy be very rare.

Here and there along the banks of the rivers are situated villages which are really oases in the desert. Irrigation being largely employed, fine crops of barley, peas, and beans are grown; while the eye rests with pleasure on groves of walnut, apricot, mulberry, poplar, and willow.

Still lower down the Indus, which is a good type of a Thibetan river we come to Bultistan. Here the hills are quite as steep and rocky, but vegetation is rather more abundant, grass is pretty plentiful and bushes grow naturally in the sheltered valleys; and the *Ibex* replaces the *Burrell* as the game animal most commonly met with.

In addition to the large game animals which form the subject of this book, Thibet has also many game birds and small animals. The Hare is very numerous in some parts; several species of Marmots abound, while the sportsman can generally find some bird which will form no bad addition to the bill of fare. Wild Geese, Brahminee Ducks, two sorts of Snow Pheasants, Chuckore, the Snow Partridge, the Thibet Partridge, and several species of Wild Pigeons are those most worthy of mention.

Although a few fields are cultivated in the neighbourhood of the villages, the Tartars are not an agricultural race. By far the greater number of them are pastoral, dwelling in tents of black hair cloth, and moving from place to place with their flocks and herds according to the season of the year and the consequent necessity for changing the pasture grounds. The Tartars are always cheerful, civil, and obliging, except where they have been corrupted by too much intercourse with the rascally Cashmeeries. They are not, however, of much use as Shikarries, and it is not always that you can get them to take the trouble to show game; if you are lucky enough to find a willing man, he is useful, as they generally know the haunts of the animals, and they have very good eyesight. There is no trouble when

travelling with Tartars; the baggage animals having been provided, and sufficient store of provisions laid in, you can go where you like, and you are not perpetually annoyed by their grumbling, as you are by other natives. After several months' residence in Thibet, it is very refreshing, on descending from any of the passes, to gaze once more on grass-covered hills and green trees. The difference of climate is perceptible as soon as one crosses the watershed. On the other side the air is clear and bright, while on the southern or Indian slope, thick masses of cloud cling to the hills during the whole of the rainy season, causing a most luxuriant vegetation to spring up, even to the very limit of the snow line.

The hills on the southern slopes of the Himalayas are steeper and more precipitous than those in Thibet. The upper portions of the higher ones are of course covered with ice and snow, the limit of perpetual snow being about 15,000 feet. Below this the hills possess various characteristics according to the elevation and the aspect of the slopes.

Vegetation is arranged in regular zones, commencing with the almost arctic plants just below the snow, and successively changing until a nearly tropical climate is reached at the foot of the Himalayas.

Highest of all shrubs are the juniper and a species of cypress, then the birch, the rhododendron, the pine, and the oak succeed one another until at last the bamboo and the maljun creeper show that we have arrived among the low hills.

There is a considerable sameness in the character of the various hill provinces on this side of the snows, the chief difference consisting in the degree to which they are exposed to the influence of the summer rains; the eastern states being much more rainy than the western. As the latter portion of the hills is the one to which this volume particularly refers, a general description of Cashmere will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the ground which has to be hunted over. For accurate and detailed accounts of the country, I must refer the reader to the many books that have been written about it.

Cashmere is a nearly level valley about one hundred miles long and thirty miles wide, surrounded by a circle of mountains and watered by the river Jhelum, which, having taken its rise in the north-eastern corner of the valley, flows through the city of S'rinugger, and, after having had its waters augmented by many tributaries, leaves the valley at the south-western corner. The mountains do not rise abruptly from the edges of the plain, but irregular spurs from the chief snowy range run down to the valley, and these, having again their offshoots, form a sort of network of ridge and valley, the drainage from which goes to swell the waters of the Jhelum. The height at which game may be found here depends entirely upon the season. In the winter everything is driven down by the snow, and as this melts the animals usually ascend. The lower valleys are covered with dense jungle of various trees and shrubs, where the ground has not been cleared for cultivation, and amongst this forest the Black Bear abounds, living in the neighbourhood of the villages, so that it may plunder the crops and fruit trees. A little higher up one frequently meets with green and beautifully wooded slopes where the forest is diversified by open glades, reminding one of an English park; the likeness may be rendered still more striking by the appearance of a herd of deer on one of the open spots. A Snow Bear may occasionally be found as low down, but

it is not till the verge of the snow is reached that there is much certainty of finding one. As one ascends through the pine forest, a Musk Deer or two may be met with if there is also some undergrowth. Above the pines the forest becomes much thinner, and with more frequent open spaces; one side of a ravine may be clothed with a thicket of birch trees, while the other is nearly bare; patches of snow lie in the more sheltered hollows (I am supposing that it is the end of May or beginning of June), and where the snow has recently melted, bright coloured flowers are in profusion. Tender sprouts of grass are coming up through the decayed stalks of last year's growth, which strew the surface of the ground, and frequent uprootings of the soil show that Bears have been at work. Here too, in the soft soil, the marks of a deeply cleft hoof may be found, it is the track of an Ibex, which has been feeding here in the morning, but has now doubtless betaken itself with the rest of the herd to the crags which surmount the hill. These slopes are not always mere gentle inclines, they may be nearly perpendicular and diversified with rocky and precipitous ground, rendering a slip extremely dangerous. Some of the ravines on a steep slope will be filled with hard snow, and in order to cross them, it may be necessary to cut every footstep.

The walking is not, however, as a rule, nearly so dangerous as that on the southern slopes of the Pir Punjal, where the Markhoor is hunted; there the ground is frequently most difficult, being far steeper and more slippery than most of the Ibex ground.

The Snow Pheasant, the Argus, the Moonal, the Koklass, the Woodcock, and the Chuckore, are the game birds to be met with in the hills, while several species of Ducks and Geese frequent the river and lakes.

The Cashmeeries are a lazy, lying race; the men are generally large and powerful, but they are sadly deficient in pluck, and are often most troublesome as coolies. There are some very good Shikarries among them, but for one good one there are at least forty useless wretches who know nothing about the country, and care nothing about sport, but endeavour to obtain service by exhibiting a lot of worthless certificates, and then devote all their energies to plundering and cheating their employer.

The hills become gradually lower and tamer looking as one approaches the plains, until the lowest ranges are hardly deserving of the name of mountains, being merely low ranges covered with dense thorny jungle. Among these the Pig and the Barking Deer, with an occasional Tiger or Panther, are the only large game. The Kalleege Pheasant, the Jungle Fowl, the Black and Grey Partridge, the Chuckore, the Peafowl, and the Hare constitute the small game. The plains of India require little description. One monotonous dead level, generally under cultivation, but with occasional tracts of low jungle, and expanses of waste land, possesses no charms in the way of scenery, and the sport to be obtained is hardly more varied. Antelope and Ravine Deer, and here and there Neelghai, are the only large game to be shot. One sport indeed to be obtained here can never be called tame,—I allude to Pigsticking, which will be found duly treated of in the 17th Chapter.

The Terai and the eastern hills will be fully described in Part II.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE THIBETAN ANTELOPE.

KEMAS HODGSONII.

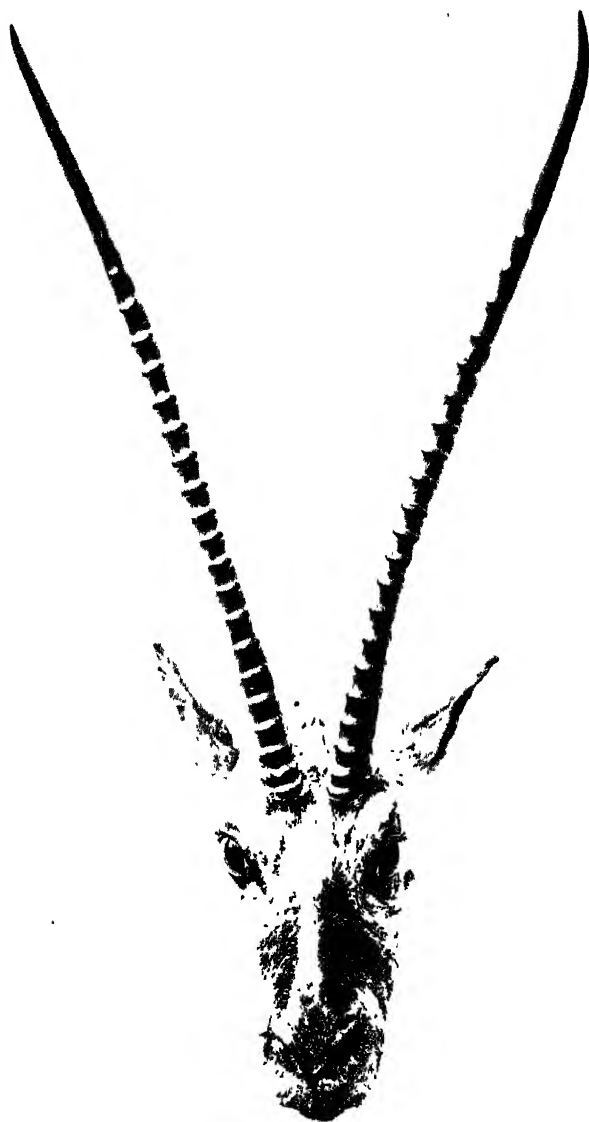
*Thibetan*—ISORS OR CHOOS.

NUMEROUS horns of this handsome Antelope had been brought down by traders to the hill stations of Nynsee Tal and Darjeeling, but it was only comparatively lately that the animal was first met with by English sportsmen. Mr. Wilson, the well-known shikarrie, was, I believe, the first Englishman who was fortunate enough to shoot one in the remote valley of Chung Chenmo to the north of the great Pangong Lakes. A few Antelope have been shot in the neighbourhood of the Mansarovara Lake within the last three or four years, but I am not aware of their having been killed by Englishmen in any other than the two above-mentioned localities.

The Thibetan Antelope is a thoroughly game-looking animal. In size it considerably exceeds the common Black Buck or Antelope of India, and it is not so elegantly made. Its colour is a reddish fawn verging on white in very old individuals. A dark stripe runs down the shoulders and flanks, and the legs are also dark brown. The face alone is nearly black, especially in old Bucks. The hair is long and brittle, and extraordinarily thickly set, forming a beautiful velvety cushion which must most effectually protect the animal from the intense cold of the elevated regions which it inhabits. A peculiarity about this Antelope is the existence of two orifices in the groin which communicate with long tubes running up into the body. The Tartars say, that the Antelope inflate these with air, and are thereby enabled to run with greater swiftness! The muzzle of the Thibetan Antelope is quite different from that of most of the Deer and Antelope tribe, being thick and puffed looking, with a very small rudimentary beard. The eyes are set high up in the head, close to the horns. The sub-orbital sinus is wanting. The horns are singularly handsome, jet black, and of the closest grain, averaging about twenty-three or twenty-four inches in length. They are beautifully adapted for knife handles. The females have short black horns, and are much smaller than the males.

These Antelope are usually infested by a sort of maggot, which buries itself in the skin of the back, and causes the animal much annoyance.

The Thibetan Antelope is said to be common in the interior of Thibet. In Chung Chenmo, where I have met with it, the elevation can be nowhere less than 14,000 feet, and some of the feeding grounds cannot be less than 18,000. In the early part of summer the



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THE THIBETAN ANTELOPE.  
KEMAS HODGSONII.



Antelope appear to keep on the higher and more exposed plains and slopes where the snow does not lie; as the season becomes warmer, the snow which has accumulated on the grassy banks of the streams in the sheltered valleys begins to dissolve, and the Antelope then come down to feed on the grass which grows abundantly in such places, and then is the time when they may most easily be stalked and shot. They usually feed only in the mornings and evenings, and in the daytime seek more open and elevated situations, frequently excavating deep holes in the stony plains in which they lie, with only their heads and horns visible above the surface of the ground. It is a curious fact that females are rarely found in Chung Chenmo; I have met with herds of sixty or seventy Buck, but have only seen one Doe to my knowledge, during the three times that I visited the valley.

When seen in profile, the forward inclination of the horns has a curious effect, the two appearing like a single horn, which has given rise to the belief that the Thibetan Antelope is the Tchiron or Unicorn Antelope mentioned by the Abbé Huc. Mr. Wilson, however, is inclined to believe in the existence of a real Unicorn, and when I have made enquiries from the Tartars in some of the more remote parts of Thibet which I have visited, I have almost always been informed that such an animal existed; so I think it is still possible that the long supposed fabulous supporter of the Royal Arms may be discovered to be a reality.

The first time I visited Chung Chenmo was in 1861. I was much pressed for time, and being accompanied by two friends, I did not shoot very much—in fact, I looked upon this year's expedition as merely a sort of reconnaissance—I only shot one small Buck, and wounded and lost a fine one.

In 1862, I again visited Chung Chenmo, accompanied by my friend H. We left S'rinugger on the 6th of June, and, after experiencing some difficulty in crossing two snow passes, on one of which we encountered a violent storm which caused the death of a pony and a sheep, arrived in the valley on the afternoon of the 28th. I already knew the ground, so we ordered the camp to be pitched near a hot spring called Keum, and hurried on in hopes of finding Antelope. We were not disappointed—we had no sooner reached the place from which I expected to see them than I discovered three Antelope feeding close to the river; we at once approached them, but the ground was very open, and we could not walk to within four hundred yards of them. Having got so near we lay down, and although the ground was very stony, we crawled and dragged ourselves along until we were within two hundred yards, but nearer it was impossible to go without being seen. We therefore lay still for a long time watching the Antelope, in hopes that they would feed towards us, but this they would not do, and at last began to move away from us. There were two good-sized Buck and a small one, so I selected one of the former and fired; the bullet must have gone high, but the Antelope seeing nothing walked quietly on, giving H. a chance, but he also missed. My second barrel brought down a Buck on the snow with a broken back, but H. again missed. The other Buck now turned and walked slowly towards us, and as H. had a breech-loader, he had time to reload and shoot him at about a hundred yards, but had to follow and give him another bullet. The camp arrived shortly afterwards,

and we had our Buck carried to the tents; they were both fine ones, and we were much pleased at our first stalk proving so successful. The next day we rested, and the following one we separated in search of Yâk. I went up a valley to the north-west, called Kyobrung, but never saw a Yâk. On the way down again I shot two more Buck, one of them a very fine one with a remarkably handsome head. It was a nasty cold morning with drifting snow and a bitterly cold wind; I was up early, and started for some ground where I had seen Antelope the day before. For a long time I could not find any, but at length a solitary Buck got up from behind some stones and went slowly up the hill; he was out of shot, so I ran towards him, and, having gained some distance, lay down behind a stone on which I rested my rifle, and took deliberate aim at his shoulder at about two hundred yards. I heard the bullet strike, but the Buck went on untouched by my other two shots. Hastily reloading, I followed the track, but was disappointed at finding no blood; however, I soon came up with my friend lying down, but he saw me and made off. I saw the tips of his horns stop just over a ridge, so I ran for a shot, and as he rushed down a steep ravine, I bowled him over with a bullet through the spine. While preserving this Buck's head, I employed a Tartar to assist me in holding it; on my opening the skull he took out a handful of the brains and swallowed them! I was not so well acquainted with Tartars then as I am now, and recollect that I was rather horrified at the time. I rejoined H. on the 7th of July, and found that he had shot a fine Bull and a Cow Yâk. I hunted for the herd for some days and frequently allowed Antelope to go away unfired at for fear of disturbing the larger game, but I never had the good fortune to come across them. I left Chung Chenmo on the 13th, as I was anxious to try for Markhoor, in Cashmere. In 1864, I determined to reach Chung Chenmo as early as possible, and accordingly made a stay of only one day in S'rinugger, and at once pushed on for Ladak. I was detained at the foot of the Zojji-la, or Bultul Pass, for two days on account of rain and snow. On the 2nd of May, I persuaded my coolies to start, but a thaw came on soon after we set out, and we had a fearfully hard time of it in the deep, soft snow. We had started at daylight and continued marching until about eleven o'clock at night in hopes of reaching some stone huts in which we might find shelter. They were, however, completely buried in the snow, so we had to bivouac as we best could, pitching the tents by fastening the ropes to poles driven into the snow. Early next morning, we again got under weigh and arrived at Mataigun, the first village on the Ladak side of the Pass, in the evening; not having tasted food since the previous morning, I was dead beat; the coolies were much exhausted, and several of them were snow blind and severely frost-bitten. I reached Chung Chenmo on the 28th of May, but was laid up for four days with an attack of fever and ague; I found that the ravines were still full of snow, and the Antelope were on the higher and more open ground.

I had come up early on purpose for Yâk, so on the 2nd of June, I went up Kyobrung in search of them. I had not gone above five miles when I saw three Yâk, and had nearly approached within shot of them when the wind suddenly changed, and they made off. For several days I perseveringly hunted in hopes of finding either these Yâk or others, but without success. On my return down the valley I shot a good Buck after an interesting

stalk. From Keum I went across to the valley where H. shot his Bull Yâk two years before, and here, though there were no recent traces of Yâk, I found numbers of Antelope. I knocked over a young Buck the first evening, mistaking it for a Doe. On the second evening I found a herd on some terraced ground, and placing myself in a favourable position, waited for them to feed up to me. A fine Buck at length came within one hundred and fifty yards, and when he was broadside on I fired steadily at him: he fell to the shot but was up again directly and made after the others. Having reloaded I followed him and fired both barrels within easy distance, but I was so blown with running that only one of my bullets hit him, and it only grazed his foreleg. The first bullet had struck him high up in the hip and passed through the intestines, part of which were hanging out, but in spite of this he seemed to recover strength and went off at a great pace, luckily in the direction of Camp. I followed as fast as I could, but was soon left far behind. I sent to Camp for my two dogs (a Retriever and a Spaniel), and contented myself with watching the Buck who soon lay down in the middle of an open plain. On the arrival of the dogs I approached him on which he got up and went off at a very fair pace. I hallooed on the dogs who quickly entered into the spirit of the thing and gave chase. Antelope and dogs soon disappeared in a ravine, and on running up to the bank I had the satisfaction of seeing the Buck on the ground, and the two dogs barking at him; strange deerhounds! but they did their work well. The kill took place not three quarters of a mile from Camp. During the next few days I hunted in vain for Yâk, but saw many Antelope, about which I gave myself little trouble. On the last three days of my stay in Chung Chenmo I killed six Buck; there was nothing remarkable about any of the stalks. On the last day I shot two fine Buck, one of them by a drive, which is often a capital plan when they are feeding on the grassy flats by the river. The banks above are very steep, and it is only in certain places that the Antelope can ascend them: by placing oneself in the most likely path and sending a man round to drive them, a shot may often be obtained when it would be impossible by stalking. A friend of mine thus bagged three fine Buck with two barrels in 1868.

I consider that July and August are the best months in which to visit Chung Chenmo, as the grassy flats by the river side are then free from snow and the Antelope are sure to be found feeding on them in the mornings and evenings.

Being tolerably plentiful, and also being such rare and handsome animals, the sport they afford amply repays the trouble of the journey to the distant regions they inhabit. Unfortunately their skins are always useless at the seasons when one can reach their country, the hair coming off in large quantities: however the horns alone are sufficiently handsome trophies.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE THIBETAN RAVINE DEER.

## PIOCAPRA PICTIOAUDATA.

*Thibetan*—GOA.

THIS pretty little Antelope is little known to sportsmen, being only found in one or two places that are accessible to Englishmen. It is, however, extremely abundant on the plateau to the south-east of the Tsomoriri Lake; on the hills to the east of Hanlé; and in the Indus Valley from Demchok, the frontier village of Ladak, as far down as Nyima. I have also seen it on the Nakpogoding Pass to the north of the Tsomoriri, and have heard of its being met with in the vicinity of the Salt Lake. I picked up a horn on the banks of the Sutlej beyond the Niti Pass, and I am aware that the Goa is to be found to the north of that river.

The Goa is rather smaller than the Indian Ravine Deer, which it somewhat resembles in its habits. Its colour in the winter coat is a pale fawn with a large patch of white on the rump, and a dark brown tail. The hair on the white patch is long and capable of being partially erected when the animal is galloping. Between the eyes is a white spot or star. When the winter coat is shed it is succeeded by a shorter one of a slaty grey colour, which very much alters the appearance of the animal, and renders it much more difficult to see.

The hair is softer and finer than that of any other ruminant animal inhabiting Thibet and the higher hills. The horns are ringed like those of the common Ravine Deer, but they are most beautifully curved backwards, they grow to twelve or thirteen inches in length. The females are similar in colour to the males, but have no horns.

The Goa avoid rocky and steep ground, preferring the undulating plains and gently sloping valleys. Early in the season they are to be found in small herds, frequently close to the snow; as this melts they appear to disperse themselves over the higher ground, being often found singly, or in twos and threes.

I first saw the Goa in 1861, on the plateau above the Tsomoriri Lake. I was following a Kyang which I had wounded, when, on coming to a ravine I heard a sharp hiss, and saw two small deer looking at me. I missed a longish shot at one and they went off, much to my annoyance, as I did not even know what they were, never having heard of the existence of such an animal.

In 1864, I saw a herd of seven on the top of the Nakpogoding Pass, but they were



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THE THIBETAN RAVINE DEER.  
*BIOCAPRA PICTICAUDATA.*





dreadfully wild, and I never could get within a quarter of a mile of them. In 1866 I went to the Tsomoriri Lake and Hanlé, the Goa being one of my principal inducements to go there. I was accompanied by my friend, and on the 2nd of June we pitched our camp at the corner of the lake and ascended the plateau above. We had not gone far before we discovered some animals feeding at a distance, and the telescope showed them to be Goa. We made a most careful stalk, and got within easy shot, but the small size of the animals deceived us in our estimate of distance, and we both missed. Soon afterwards we saw some more Goa, but I again missed a fair chance. We then separated, but I could see nothing for a long time; at length I caught a glimpse of the heads of two or three Goa just as they were disappearing over a ridge; I followed them, and shot a Doe through the body as it was galloping away. A greyhound which I had with me gave chase, and ran into it after a long course. The next day I determined to kill a Buck, so I ascended the plateau very early in the morning; I soon discovered some Goa at a great distance, but after stalking to within seventy yards, I found that they were all Does and young ones. I therefore would not fire at them, but lay watching the graceful little animals with much interest. Before long they caught sight of me, but being unable to make me out distinctly, they advanced towards me, occasionally rising on their hind legs to obtain a better view. I at length rose and showed myself, upon which they made off.

Further on, I found some more Does, and shortly afterwards three Buck, but in a place where they could not be stalked, so I sent a man round to drive them. The driver failed, the Goa going off in the wrong direction, but the man who went after them informed me that he had seen five others, and pointed out the direction in which they had gone. I crossed the plain, and saw them on the slopes at the other side, and after a détour, found myself on the hill side straight above them. I watched them for some time as they fed along the foot of the hill: at last they approached a deep, but narrow ravine, which ran down the hill; I entered this, which afforded me capital cover, and on reaching the plain and looking over the bank, I saw the Goa quietly feeding within about a hundred yards. Resting my rifle on the bank, I fired very steadily at the best Buck, but to my surprise missed with both barrels, owing to over-estimating the distance. Dropping behind the bank, I reloaded, and on again looking over was astonished to see the Goa still feeding in the same place. I was more successful this time, wounding one with the first barrel and killing another with the second. Even now the Goa did not move far, and I had time to fire two more bullets, which however missed. Meanwhile I had sent a man to bring my dog, and on his arrival I slipped him at the Goa, but the wounded one seemed to recover completely, and it soon distanced the greyhound. The one I had killed had a very beautiful pair of horns. The next Goa I shot were on the hills to the south of Hanlé, towards Chumurti: here they were very plentiful, but the ground was not particularly well adapted for stalking. On one occasion, after in vain trying to stalk some, three of them allowed me to walk up to within one hundred and fifty yards of them in the open. I dropped the first Buck stone dead, and on the others standing to gaze about eighty yards farther on, I killed another. I found that Goa generally stopped to look after a fallen companion, and on the 10th of July, I

again bagged two Buck in a similar manner, right and left, at two hundred and thirty yards. Had I not been hunting Oves Ammon, I might have made a large bag of Goa, for they were plentiful, and not, as a rule, very difficult to approach. A finely sighted single-barrelled breech-loader would be the best weapon for shooting these little Antelope, as they afford a very small mark, but if they do not see the person who fires at them, they will stand still until several shots have been fired. The Tartars assert that, unlike other animals, the Goa do not become alarmed at scenting a man so long as they do not see him, and a friend of mine assured me that he had found this to be the case.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE KYANG.

ASINUS KYANG.

*Thibetan*—KYANG.

THE Kyang can hardly be considered a game animal, but, as he is one of the most conspicuous beasts to be met with in Thibet, and is moreover interesting from being so closely allied to the horse, he is certainly worthy of mention. There has been great discussion as to whether he is a horse or an ass; whatever scientific name he may receive, to the casual observer he is as unlike one as the other. He belongs to the same family as the Zebra and Quagga.

Kyang are found all over the elevated plateaux and valleys of Thibet with which we are acquainted. They are especially numerous in the neighbourhood of the Salt Lake, and in the valley of the Indus below Hanlé. When full grown, the Kyang attains the height of about fourteen hands. He is strongly and compactly built, stands on short legs, and has capital quarters and shoulders. His feet are tough and hard as iron, and appear to bear any amount of battering on the rocky ground which he frequents. The worst point about the Kyang is his disproportionately large and ugly head, which quite spoils his appearance, which is otherwise extremely graceful. The prevailing colour is a reddish brown, verging into white on the lower parts of the body. The short hog-mane, dorsal stripe, and tail are dark brown. The hair of the winter coat is very warm and thick-set, and rather woolly in texture.

The Kyang prefers the most barren and desolate plains in the vicinity of the lakes and large rivers; it seems to delight in the coarsest and most wiry pasturage, a description of rough yellow grass, hard and sharp as a pen-knife, appearing to be its favourite food. Kyang are usually found in small parties of four or five, but on being disturbed these parties will join others until a large number are collected in one common herd. Later in the season, as the foaling time approaches, the mares congregate in certain favourite localities, while the old stallions are scattered about the hills, either solitary, or in twos and threes. No animal is a greater nuisance to the sportsman. Very inquisitive by nature, as soon as Kyang observe a strange object they seem anxious to find out all about it; and often when stalking, one is annoyed by a brute who snorts, cocks his ears, and then trots up to have a look at one. Any of his friends who may be near at once follow his example, more distant ones are attracted, and in a few minutes a herd of fifty or sixty may

be galloping in circles, effectually alarming all the game in the country. They will also sometimes spoil sport by chasing and driving away other game from their pastures. I witnessed a case of this in the Indus Valley in 1866, when some Goa which I was stalking were hunted right away by some Kyang. A friend of mine had his stalk at some Antelope in Chung Chenmo spoiled in a similar manner. In places where they have not been disturbed Kyang will frequently gaze at the sportsman within fifty yards, without betraying any fear, but merely curiosity. On the more frequented routes which are annually traversed by tourists the Kyang are much more shy, and seem to know the range of a rifle well. Of course there is no sport in shooting such an animal, but the skin of one is occasionally useful to mend one's shoes with, and in some parts of Ladak the Tartars eat the flesh with avidity. I have tried it, and found it tough and coarse; but as the Yankees would say, "Poor Bull is better than no meat," and in case of need one might fare worse.

The Tartars never seem to attempt to domesticate the Kyang. I saw one which belonged to the Thaunadar of Léh, and I was informed that the boy who attended to it could mount it; it was, however, secured by a strong iron chain, and I was warned against going near it. I was present at the birth of a foal in the valley of the Sutlej, to the north of the Niti Pass in 1865. I walked up to the little thing while the mother trotted off a short distance and stood anxiously watching me. If I could have procured a mare to act as foster mother I should have attempted to rear the foal, but having no milk even at my disposal I left it alone.

I saw in a newspaper the other day that a cross had been obtained between the Kyang and the Ass at the Jardin des Plantes. I should imagine that the cross between the Kyang and the Horse, could it be effected, would be a most valuable animal, possessing all the good qualities of the ordinary mule, with greater size and strength, and better shape. As there are Kyang in the Regent's Park Gardens, surely the experiment might be tried.

## CHAPTER V.

THE THIBETAN WOLF.

CANIS LANIGER.

*Thibetan*—CHANKO.

WOLVES of at least two sorts are found all over Thibet, and I am not sure that there are not three varieties. I know of two, the common Grey Chanko and the black one, called by the Tartars "Chanko Nagpo" (Black Wolf) and which they say is fiercer and larger than the other, and will even kill Kyang. I have heard of a so-called "Golden Wolf," but whether it was a light coloured specimen of the common Chanko, or a different variety I am unable to say.

The Chanko is not gregarious in its habits, being usually found singly or in pairs, but such is its strength and ferocity, that it commits considerable havoc among the flocks and herds belonging to the Tartars, apparently preferring the slaughter of tame animals to the harder task of circumventing wild ones. At any rate they are always to be found hanging on to the outskirts of the Tartar flocks. The common Chanko is about the same size as the common Wolf; he is of a yellowish grey colour, with very long and soft hair. The Black Chanko is rather larger than the grey one, he is of a beautiful glossy black, with a small white star on the chest, and a few grey hairs about the muzzle.

I have only three times had the luck to meet with the common Chanko. The first I ever saw was at the head of the Kyobrung Valley, amidst the desolate solitude which I have already attempted to describe. I had penetrated to the very sources of the streams in search of Yâk, and had begun to retrace my steps without having seen a sign of life, when I suddenly caught sight of a Chanko trotting quietly along the bottom of a ravine below me; I whistled to attract his attention, and on his stopping to listen fired a shot at him; he dropped with a howl, but quickly recovered himself, and made off with a broken shoulder, and though I immediately followed him up, I soon lost the trail and failed to bag him. On two other occasions I saw Chanko in the neighbourhood of Hanlé, but I never had a chance of getting a shot at them.

On the 5th of June, 1866, I was encamped at the foot of the Lanak Pass between the Tsomoriri Lake and Hanlé, when one of my servants brought in a young Black Wolf apparently about three weeks old. He had procured it from some wandering Tartars, and informed me that they had another one. I at once recognized the value of my prize, and sent off a man to secure the other cub, which arrived next morning. I had only heard of one other Black Wolf having been met with by Englishmen, and that had been shot the

previous year in the neighbourhood of the Mansarovara Lake. I was, therefore, particularly anxious to keep the young Wolves alive, and in this I was fortunately successful. Emptying a kilta I converted it into a kennel for the cubs, which I fastened to opposite ends of the only dog chain I possessed. I made the middle of this fast to an iron tent peg which was driven into the ground, and thus the little beasts were secured. They fed ravenously on raw meat, and before long became pretty tame. When I marched they were bundled chain and all into the kilta, the lid of which was then tied on, and thus they journeyed to the next halting place, the kilta being slung horizontally either to the pack saddle of a Yâk, or behind a coolie's shoulders. On camp being pitched they were taken out and pegged down. One night they managed to draw their peg, but they were fortunately discovered next morning, the chain having become entangled in a bush about a mile from my tent. They accompanied me for more than two months, and before that time had become a good deal too large for their abode; they gnawed holes in it, and used to travel with their heads sticking out at opposite ends. As I was quartered at Meerut, whither I had to return by the 15th of August, I was afraid that the heat of the plains would be too much for them, so I left them in charge of a friend at the hill station of Kussowlie, near Simla, till the end of October, when I had them sent down to me. By this time they had immensely increased in size, but although they had not seen me for so long, they recognized me, and also my greyhound, of which they had previously been very fond. They soon became much attached to me, and would fawn on me like dogs, licking my face and hands; they were always, however, ready to growl and snap at a stranger. I took them down to Agra at the time of the great Durbar there, and used to let them loose in Camp with my dogs, so tame had they become.

I presented them to the Zoological Society, and was very glad to hear that they reached the Gardens in safety, and are thriving there. Some of my readers may have seen them, or may recollect their portraits, which appeared in the "Illustrated London News," of November 21st, 1868.







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THE WILD DOG.  
CUON RUTILANS.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE WILD DOG.

CUON RUTILANS.

*Thibetan*—HAZZEE.*Hind*—JUNGLEE KUTTA.

THE Wild Dog is found in all parts of the hills, from the highest ranges of Thibet down to the foot of the Himalayas.

Wild Dogs frequently go in pairs, sometimes in packs, and wander about a great deal. They are fearfully destructive to game, and if their fresh footmarks are to be found upon a hill, farewell to any chance of sport in the neighbourhood, for every wild animal will have been driven away. The Ibex seems to be a very favourite prey of the Wild Dogs, but nothing comes amiss to them, ponies, cattle, sheep, deer, are indiscriminately slaughtered. Even the Tiger is said occasionally to fall a victim to the attacks of a pack, but this story requires confirmation. The Serow, it has been stated, is the only animal that is at all able to make a successful stand, occasionally transfixing his adversaries on his sharp and powerful horns. Mr. Wilson and others have remarked that during the breeding season the Wild Dogs will, with extraordinary sagacity, drive a hunted animal to the vicinity of their earths before killing it, in the same way as a hunter at the Cape will drive an Eland up to the waggons before despatching him, thus saving the trouble of carrying the meat.

The Wild Dog stands considerably higher than the common Jackal; he is also much longer in the body, and more wolfish looking. The colour is a reddish yellow; the hair is soft and woolly, and about two inches in length. The tail is long and bushy and carried like a fox's, but it is not so full as the brush of the latter animal.

Although I have often, to my cost, been in the vicinity of Wild Dogs, I have very seldom seen them. The first I met with were near the hot springs in the Furiabad Valley in 1862. A pair crossed the path as I was marching along; I fired a snap shot and knocked one over, but although hit with a shell it managed to escape. In 1864 I found two Dogs feeding on the offal of a Burrell which I had killed the previous day, but I did not get a shot at them. A few days afterwards, July 16th, I was walking along the road between Meroo and Oobshi, on the way to Léh, when I saw a Wild Dog drinking at the other side of the river. I quickly uncased my rifle and shot him dead, and sent a Tartar across the river to bag him; he proved to be a fine specimen, and his head is well represented in the photograph. I have no more personal experience of the Wild Dog.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE THIBETAN LYNX.

## FELIS ISABELLINA.

*Thibetan*—EE.

THE Lynx appears to be very rare in Thibet. During five summers which I have spent there, I have only twice met with it, and know very little about its habits.

The Lynx stand about seventeen inches at the shoulder, but is enormously powerfully made, with teeth and claws large enough for an animal of twice its size. The colour of its fur is a lightish red, merging into a very pale tint on the lower parts which are faintly spotted. The tips of the ears are beautifully pencilled and jet black. The tail is very short and black at the tip. The fur is soft and close.

The Tartars informed me that the Lynx frequently killed Sheep and Goats, and it is certainly armed quite formidably enough to do so. Hares, however, appear to be its favourite food, and as they literally swarm in some places, it can have no difficulty in killing them whenever it likes.

In 1864, I saw a Lynx in the Kyobrung Valley, but as I was in hopes of finding Yâk, I would not fire at it.

On the 4th of July, 1866, I was hunting Oves Ammon on the high ground between Hanlé and Nyima, when I suddenly came upon a female Lynx with two young cubs. I shot the mother, and as the cubs concealed themselves among some rocks, I barricaded them in, and went on with my hunting. On arriving in Camp, I sent men back to try and catch the cubs; in this they succeeded, and brought them to me. They were about the size of half-grown cats, and more spiteful, vicious little devils cannot be imagined; they were, however, very handsome, with immense heads and paws. For two or three days they refused all food, but at the end of that time they fed quite ravenously from the hand. They soon became very tame and playful, though always ready to set their backs up if at all teased, or if a dog came near them. They lived in perfect health for nearly a month, when one suddenly died without any apparent cause. I have since learned that its death was probably occasioned by its having its meat cut up for it. The Cat tribe are accustomed to masticate their food thoroughly before swallowing it, and this they naturally do when cutting and tearing the flesh from their prey: when, however, the meat is cut into pieces they are apt to swallow it in lumps, which disagrees with them. The other Lynx lived to accompany me to the plains, and was in perfect health when, to my great annoyance, it was lost off my dâk gharry, near Delhi, owing to the carelessness of my servant. I had intended to have sent it to England with the Black Wolves.



THE THIBETAN LYNX.  
FELIS ISABELLINA.



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THE OVIS AMMON.  
OVIS AMMON.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE OVIS AMMON.

OVIS AMMON.

*Thibetan*—NYAN.

THIS gigantic Sheep, the largest of its genus with which we are acquainted, is pretty generally distributed over the undulating high lands of Thibet, but is only numerous in particular localities, although stragglers may be met with almost anywhere where the country is suited to them. The favourite haunts of the Ovis Ammon with which I am acquainted are near the Salt Lake, on the north-western side of the Pangong Lake, at Chushul, and in the neighbourhood of Hanlé. It is also pretty numerous in the valley of the Sutlej beyond the Niti Pass.

The size of the Ovis Ammon has been greatly exaggerated. I have seen it described in print as measuring fourteen or fifteen hands. I have carefully measured several large Rams and found that they all stood from twelve hands to twelve hands and an inch, at the shoulder. It is, however, a most imposing looking animal, and its ponderous horns and erect way of carrying its head make it appear larger than it really is.

The Ovis Ammon is of a dark brown colour, becoming gradually lighter towards the hind quarters, which, in females especially, are often nearly white. The neck is adorned by a long ruff of coarse hair, which is white in the male, and dark brown in the female. The legs are long and deer-like, but the hoof is not large in proportion to the size of the animal. The tail is only about an inch in length. The hair is nearly two inches in length, very close set and brittle like that of all other wild Sheep, on none of which is a woolly fleece to be found.

The peculiar characteristic of the Ovis Ammon is its enormous horns, which resemble those of the domestic ram, but make only one curve; they grow to four feet, or upwards, in length, and to twenty inches in circumference, but a very large perfect pair is rarely or never met with, as the ends split off, either from fighting or from the effects of the weather. The females have also curved horns about twenty inches long. Like other sheep, Ovis Ammon are very pugnacious, and when two old Rams are fighting, the crash of their horns may be heard at an immense distance.

In winter, the Ovis Ammon inhabits the lower and more sheltered valleys where the snow does not lie in any great quantity: as summer advances, the males separate from the females and betake themselves to higher and more secluded places. They appear to be

particular in their choice of a locality, repairing year after year to the same places, where they may always be found, and entirely neglecting other hills which apparently possess equal advantages as regards pasturage and water. Without a knowledge of their haunts, a sportsman might wander for days and never meet with old Rams, although perhaps never very far from them. I have myself experienced this, having hunted for days over likely ground without seeing even the track of a Ram, and afterwards, under the guidance of an intelligent Tartar, found plenty of them on exactly similar ground a mile or two from where I had been. The flesh of the Ovis Ammon, like that of all the Thibetan ruminants, is excellent; it is always tender, even on the day it is killed, and of very good flavour, possibly caused by the aromatic herbs which constitute so large a portion of the scanty vegetation of those arid regions.

No animal is more wary than the Ovis Ammon, and this, combined with the open nature of the ground which it usually inhabits, renders it perhaps the most difficult of all beasts to approach. It is, however, of course, sometimes found on ground where it can be stalked, but even then, it is most difficult to obtain a quiet shot, as the instant one's head is raised one of the herd is nearly sure to give the alarm, and one only gets a running shot.

Although I had several times seen Oves Ammon during my first two seasons in the hills, I never had a chance at old Rams until 1864. On the 23rd of June of that year, I was encamped at Chushul, in Ladak, near the centre of the chain of lakes generally known as the Tso Pangong. The hills here were very steep and barren, being composed chiefly of loose shale, and they were, moreover, very high. I had not walked more than a quarter of a mile from my tent, and the sun was just rising, when I discovered three animals far up the hill above my Camp. The Tartars pronounced them to be Kyang, I said "Nyan," and on having recourse to the telescope, I saw that they were fine old Rams. As I was observing them, they lay down, and in such a position, that I saw that, if they would only remain where they were, I should be able to stalk them. A narrow ravine ran straight down the hill from near where the animals were lying; ascending this I had a hard climb till I had nearly reached their level, when, on turning to the right, I found that a dip in the ground concealed my movements until I arrived at the spot from which I expected to get a shot. Crawling up the last bit of slope, I carefully looked over and beheld the Nyan lying down within shot. In a moment they were on their legs and gazing towards me. Selecting the largest Ram, I aimed most deliberately at his shoulder, and as I slowly pressed the trigger, I felt quite certain of the shot. To my disgust, however, the crack of the bullet on a stone reached my ears instead of the well-known and welcome "thud," and the Nyan instantly started off, much too fast for my second barrel. On standing up, I found that I had overestimated the distance, the Rams having been only one hundred and thirty yards off, instead of one hundred and eighty, which I had sighted for. This is a sort of mistake which one is very apt to make when one is lying down, and one which has lost me many a fine pair of horns.

I saw nothing more that day; on the following day I saw seven old Rams going off along a high ridge, but although I followed them at once I was unable to find them again,

either on that day or the next. Although I knew that there was plenty of shooting in this neighbourhood, I was compelled to leave it as I was suffering so terribly from toothache, and could get no relief nearer than Léh, where I submitted myself to the tender mercies of a Thibetan barber! I must confess that he handled his pincers with considerable skill and soon extracted the offending tooth. I was not quite so fortunate on a subsequent occasion, when I allowed my khitmutgar to try his "prentice hand" on another aching tooth, which he only succeeded in breaking off, leaving me in great torture for nearly a fortnight. While making this digression I may offer a word of advice to sportsmen. "*See that your teeth are in good order before visiting Thibet*; the cold winds there are sure to find out a decayed tooth, and no one who has not experienced it as I have, can have any idea of the misery caused by incessant toothache for weeks together without the possibility of relief." In 1865 I crossed the Chor Hoti Pass, and found some female Oves Ammon in the valley of Leptel. Going on through Kéo and crossing the pass to Zunkum, I saw two Rams, but was unable to get near them. Near the Sutlej are some low arid hills, which are known to the Niti shikarries by the name of the "Lall Pahar" (Red Hills). I was informed that they were a favourite haunt of male Oves Ammon, and I accordingly hunted among them for several days, but without seeing an animal. At last on the 6th of July, I sent my Camp from Talang at the west end of the range of hills to Shib at the other end, and proceeded to explore the only part of the ground which I had not yet visited. As I was crossing the plain at the foot of the hills, I made out five Rams at the distance of about a mile; they had evidently got my wind, and after looking very restless for some time, they went off. A little farther on I saw ten more which had also got our wind, and were following the first lot. I went round by the crest of the hills, and on getting well to leeward, descended towards where I expected to see the Nyan; I soon caught sight of the fifteen, who had formed one flock. They were all magnificent old Rams, and I lay watching the noble animals until evening, hoping that they would leave the open plain where they were feeding, and move to some place where they might be approached; but as they remained in the same place, I had to leave them and return to Camp. Next day I started early and walked to the place where I had left the Oves, a distance of about five miles. I found them again on the same ground, but they were so scattered that it was impossible to lay any good plan for a stalk. At last seven of them fed on ahead of the others, so I determined to try and get a shot at them, and take my chance of being seen by the remainder. Having moved down the hill to the place from which I hoped to get a shot, I found that they were still two hundred and fifty yards off. Seeing little chance of being able to get back without being discovered by some of the wary brutes, I endeavoured to improve my position by crawling down the hill; in doing so I was seen, and had to fire at once. Selecting two in line I fired very steadily, but my heavy spherical ball rifle not being very accurate at such a long range, I missed, and they went off at a great pace. The eight remaining Rams, who had heard the shots but seen nothing, after galloping about for a time, went round the end of the hill, but still kept in the open plain. Following them up, I observed six of them making for the hills, but two had stayed behind. Thinking they might be in a



neighbouring large nullah, I went to it, but only found a flock of Burrell, out of which I shot two males. Having skinned them I was proceeding homewards when I again saw the six Rams in the wide valley ahead of us; it was too late to follow them, so I went up a deep nullah leading towards Camp, so as not to disturb them. I had gone a mile or two up this, and it was becoming dusk, when I heard a noise on my right, and on looking up saw the six Oves rattling along the high bank, two of them knocking their horns together. As they would not stand, I fired at one as he galloped past; I thought he staggered, so I fired the other barrel at him. My second gun carrier, who was also carrying the Burrell's heads, had lagged behind, and now that my rifle was empty, the Oves stood still and gazed at me within forty yards. By the time I had rammed down one bullet and put on a cap, they were just disappearing over the bank, and a snap shot fired at the hind quarters of the last one missed. I was afraid they had all gone off, but while I was reloading, my shikarrie espied the horns and back of one evidently dying at the top of the bank, and on going up to my great delight I found a fine Ram lying dead shot through the shoulders. His horns, though not particularly large, were a fine pair, measuring thirty-six inches in length by sixteen in circumference. I did not reach Camp until some time after dark, having had a long day's work, but being very well satisfied.

During the next four days I met with Oves Ammon only once, when I stalked six old Rams on the other side of the Shib River; I got within shot, but missed them as they galloped off. On the 12th, I sent my Camp back to Talang, and as my shikarrie was ill, I hunted along the hills accompanied by only two Tartars. Among some ravines I found a flock of twelve Nyan, females and young males; they had just caught a glimpse of me, but were not much alarmed, so I ordered my gun carriers to crawl quietly back out of sight. They moved back a few paces and then coolly stood up, and directly afterwards eight old Rams, which I had not previously observed, went over the hill. The twelve others, after feeding for three or four hundred yards, lay down. To have stalked them properly would have involved making an immensely long round, which, as they were not large ones, I did not think they were worth, so I resolved to chance being seen while crossing one nullah, after which I should be safe enough. The wary brutes saw me, however, and went off at full speed. Going along the ridge of the hills towards Talang I could see nothing, although I had expected to have found the eight Rams again. Having come to the end of the ridge, I was descending a valley, when I suddenly saw a solitary old Ram standing about half way up the hill side. We instantly crouched, and he did not appear to have made us out clearly, but continued gazing without moving for several minutes. Thinking it just possible that he might remain long enough to give me time to stalk him, I left a man for him to look at, and crawling carefully out of sight, ascended the hill and got above him. As this occupied some time I was much afraid that he would have gone, but on looking over the ridge I saw his horns. I walked down as far as I could without being seen, and then lay down and crawled along until I got within one hundred and forty yards. The Ram had moved a little, but stood broadside on: I took a most careful aim, and though he rushed down the hill after the shot I felt confident that I had not missed.

When he had gone a few strides I saw blood on his side, he soon began to stagger, and finally rolled over after galloping about two hundred yards. I ran down to him and found that he was a fine fellow, not so old as the first one I shot, but with larger horns, measuring thirty-seven inches by seventeen. The head was a heavy load for my gun carrier, so I had to shoulder my rifle and had a very long walk to Camp.

I had one more chance at old Rams before I left these hills, and lost it by bad generalship. I killed a small one on the last day. In 1866 I hunted Oves Ammon in the neighbourhood of Hanlé. The first flock I saw was on the 9th of June, within two miles of the Lamaserai, or Monastery, on the opposite side of the stream: the herd consisted only of females and young ones, but I shot a large female for the sake of the meat. We had cut her up, and were proceeding homewards, when I saw her lamb galloping along the ridge of a hill. As I was watching it a large dark-coloured Eagle swooped down and fastened on its head. I hastened towards it, but long before I reached the place the Eagle soared away far out of shot. I found the Lamb lying dead with several holes in its throat: it was rather larger than a Ravine Deer. I should have much liked to have shot the Eagle, which was, I believe, the Golden Eagle, the "Bearcoot," about which Atkinson tells such wonderful tales.

Altogether I hunted for about three weeks in this part of the country, but with very indifferent success. I wasted a good deal of time in hunting the wrong ground before I met with a very intelligent Tartar, Thering Dorjé by name, who showed me the haunts of the old Rams. Even then bad luck constantly attended me, as it sometimes will, something going wrong in every stalk, and I only killed a two-year old Ram before the 16th of July. On that day I was encamped near the wide plateau which lies between the Lanak Pass and Nyima on the Indus; the valley in which my tents were being a favorite resort of old Rams. Very early on this morning I ascended the hill above Camp and followed the course of the valley, keeping high up. Before long I discovered three Nyan lying on a steep slope, and had to make a very long detour in order to get beyond them. Having accomplished this, I found that the wind had changed, and the Oves were moving restlessly about, but being favoured by the ground, I managed to stalk within fifty yards and found that they were all only two-year olds. I shot one of them, and having covered him up with stones, proceeded towards Camp, which had been moved a couple of miles. In the next wide ravine I found three more Nyan, but as they were all small ones, and in a place where it was impossible to stalk them, I resolved to try a drive instead of waiting, as I should have done if I had seen any big fellows. Accordingly I took up my position in the most likely place for them to pass, and sent a man round. This plan answered admirably; the instant the Tartar showed himself the Oves set off and rushed up the hill towards me, and, to my delight, I saw that there were eight or ten of them, some of them with fine horns. I lay still till they nearly galloped over me, and then, as they passed within twenty-five yards, I singled out the one which appeared to be the largest: he did not fall to the shot so I reserved my second barrel until I saw whether he required it or not. I waited a little too long, and the others were just disappearing into a hollow as I missed a snap shot at the

hind quarters of the last. The big one had meanwhile rolled over dead, having been shot just behind the shoulder. He was very old and bore the scars of fights; his horns were a good deal broken, the one least injured measuring thirty-eight and a half inches by sixteen. Next day I had to set out on my return.

Ovis Ammon shooting requires a great deal of patience. In the first place, unless the sportsman has very good information regarding the ground, he may wander for days before he discovers the haunts of the old Rams, and, secondly, he may find them on ground where it is hopeless to approach them. In the latter case all that can be done is to wait—watch them until they move to better ground, and if they will not do this the same day they must be left till the next. Sooner or later they will move to ground where they can be stalked, and then, if proper care is exercised, they are not much more difficult to get near than other animals, but the greatest precautions must be taken to prevent being seen before one fires. Some men may think this sort of shooting too troublesome and resort to driving, but this is very uncertain work, and frightens the animals away, when, by the exercise of patience, a quiet shot might be obtained.





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THE BURRELL.  
OVIS NAHURA.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE BURRELL.

OVIS NAHURA.

*Thibetan*—NĀPOO.*Puharrie*—BURRELL, BURROOT.

THIS Wild Sheep is well known to Himalayan sportsmen; it is commonly found on the higher ranges of Kumaon and Gurwhal, and throughout Thibet, but does not extend into Cashmere, nor is it, I believe, found in any of the hills to the west of that country. Probably the best Burrell shooting is to be obtained along the mountains separating India from Thibet, between the Sutlej and Nepaul, on both sides of the range. The valley of Leptel beyond the Millum Pass, is a well-known and very favourite resort of Burrell, and the horns appear to grow remarkably large there. The valley of Spiti between the Manerung and Parungla Passes is also a good locality. The male Burrell is a fine-looking animal, and though the horns are not so graceful as those of some other species, they are quite unique in shape, and present a singular and striking appearance as he gazes at one from some lofty rock. The Burrell does not stand nearly so high as the Ovis Ammon, and is differently built, being stouter and standing on short legs; in fact, being adapted for climbing among dangerous precipices, at which probably no animal excels it.

The colour is a light blueish grey above, and white beneath. The chest and throat, the legs, and a line along the side separating the grey from the white are jet black. The hair is brittle and very closely set, and when killed in winter, the skin is one of the handsomest I know. The horns are very massive, the largest measuring more than two feet in length, and thirteen inches in circumference; those of old males are frequently much split and broken. I have seen a pair of horns about thirty inches in length, but such are very rare.

The females are much smaller than the males, the legs only are marked with black; they have very short curved horns, and, like the females of almost all ruminants, are not worth shooting except for the larder.

The Burrell prefers bare rocky hills, and when inhabiting those which are clothed with forest, rarely or never descends to the limits of the trees. The favourite resorts of Burrell are those hills which have slopes well covered with grass in the immediate vicinity of steep precipices, to which they can at once betake themselves in case of alarm. Females and young ones frequently wander to more rounded and accessible hills, but I have never met with old males very far from some rocky stronghold. The males and females do not appear to

separate entirely during the summer, as I have found mixed flocks at all seasons, though as a rule, the old males form themselves into small herds and live apart. In my opinion the flesh of the Burrell surpasses in flavour the best mutton, and has, moreover, the advantage of being generally tender soon after the animal is killed.

In places where Burrell have been much hunted they are exceedingly wary, and require great caution in stalking them, usually placing sentries in commanding positions while the rest of the herd are feeding; but in remote districts, where they have not been disturbed, they appear to be nearly regardless of the presence of man. Mr. Wilson relates an instance of this in the admirable "Summer Ramble in the Himalayas," and I have witnessed a very similar case. I was marching up the valley of the Indus, beyond the Chinese frontier, in 1866, with my friend B. We were endeavouring to reach the hills to the north of Gartope, where we hoped to find Yâk, and with that view had crossed the frontier in the dark, and accompanied by a few Ladak Tartars marched all night and concealed ourselves during the day. On the fourth morning we were proceeding up a ravine in which we intended to "cache" for the day, when we observed four old male Burrell on the opposite side. They did not take the slightest notice of us, and being in a retired place where there was no danger of our shots being heard by the Tartars, B., who wanted a good head, walked across the boulders at the bottom of the ravine in full view of the Burrell, who allowed him to approach within eighty yards without betraying any symptoms of alarm! B. then quietly sat down and shot the largest one, upon which the others made off.

The same day our hiding place was discovered by the Tartars, who ordered us back; and though we forced our way "*vi et armis*" for another march of thirty-five miles, we were after all compelled to abandon our project of reaching the Yâk ground. The people turned out in hundreds; several big wigs came down from Gartope; and although we used every argument, including threats and bribes, we could not obtain permission even for a few days' shooting, and had, most unwillingly, to retrace our steps. I had shot several Burrell, but never obtained a first-rate specimen until 1865. On my way back from the Ovis Ammon ground (where I shot three or four Burrell), I determined to try the valley of Leptel. On July 26th, while crossing from Keo into Leptel, I discovered two old male Burrell at the opposite side of the latter stream. After going a long way round, I got above them, and was nearly within shot when they moved off rather quickly, I waited until they had crossed a ridge, and then ran down as fast as I could, but on reaching the place, the Burrell were nowhere to be seen. I went on, much puzzled as to where they could have gone to, but at last came close upon them in a small hollow. As they galloped off I shot the larger one dead, but missed the other, my bullet striking just under him. The one I killed was a fine fellow with very large and perfect horns, measuring twenty-five and a half inches in length; his head is capitally represented in the photograph.

My Camp was pitched a mile or two lower down the valley, and I had not been very long in my tent when my Shikarrie came to say that he had seen some Burrell feeding on the flats above the river. I went after them, and found that the flock consisted of about thirty, many of them with fine horns. The main body of the flock was in a beautiful place

for a stalk, but as bad luck would have it, there were several stragglers above them. I was obliged to fire a long shot at one of these, and hit him on the horn; he was stupified for a few seconds, and then went off all right. The rest of the Burrell would not stop to look about them as they usually do, but made a simultaneous rush for the cliffs which were just below. I fired a snap shot into a group as they reached the brink, but only broke the leg of one which went away with the rest. I ran as fast as I could, in hopes of seeing the flock standing somewhere lower down, but they had disappeared. Another lot, headed by a very black old male, which had heard the shots, but were not much disturbed, were coming up the cliff a little farther back; as they seemed inclined to come in my direction, I lay down to watch them. They were coming straight towards me when the cunning old black fellow, who was now last, suddenly turned back. I was so savage with him for this, that I fired all four barrels at him, although he was fully two hundred yards off, one of the shots broke his foreleg, and he went up to the flat above the cliff, crossed a corner of it, and went down the cliff again. These cliffs rose nearly perpendicularly from the Leptel River, and on looking over I could see the stream running hundreds of feet below me; narrow ledges traversed the face of this awful precipice in various directions, and here and there were jutting rocks affording barely standing room to the most sure-footed of animals. Along one of these ledges the wounded Burrell had gone, as drops of blood testified, but he was not visible from the top, and I had to descend to a platform a little way down. I now caught sight of the Burrell, who had made his way to a point of rock from which even he was unable to move, except by retracing the difficult path by which he had reached it. If I shot him where he was he would fall into the river below, and be lost for ever, but my Shikarrie asked me to shoot him "to see the fun." I was about to put the poor brute out of pain, when he turned round, and by a desperate scramble reached a small cave into which he went, only showing his head occasionally. I was about a hundred yards off, and fired four shots at his head when it appeared; after the fourth shot it appeared no more. It was getting late, so nothing more was to be done that evening, but my Shikarrie said he thought that he and the other men would be able to get the Burrell next morning with the aid of ropes. Early next morning a solitary Burrell appeared on the flat, but on reaching the place I found that it was only a female. The men had accompanied me with ropes, and now proceeded to attempt the recovery of last night's Burrell. Walking along a narrow ledge from which the loose stones rattled down to the river at every step, they reached a spot immediately above the cave. Sitting down on the ledge, and digging their heels into the shale, they let one of their number down the perpendicular rock to the mouth of the cave, a distance of about fifteen feet. He reached the cave in safety, and announced that the Burrell was lying dead. I had expected the men to bring up the head only, but to my astonishment I saw the rope attached to the Burrell, and the heavy animal hauled up to the ledge, from whence he was transferred to a wider and safer place, skinned, and cut up. I found that all my bullets fired at him when in the cave had struck him, the last one having entered his eye. He had just shed his winter coat, and his summer coat was still very short causing him to appear unusually dark coloured.



Burrell are usually plentiful where they are found at all, and as they never retire to the forests, they may be met with in places where they are not much disturbed at all hours of the day. When fired at they usually move off pretty leisurely, and if the ground is favourable, several shots may be fired at the same flock before they are out of range.

Although I cannot agree with Colonel Markham in considering the Burrell as the noblest animal of chase in the Himalayas, still I think that its pursuit will well repay the sportsman. The wild and rugged nature of the mountains they resort to, the cool bracing air, the hard, but not as a rule too difficult walking, and the comparative plenty of shots which may be obtained, render Burrell shooting peculiarly attractive.





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THE OORIAL.  
OVIS CYCLOCEROS—OVIS VIGNII?

## CHAPTER X.

THE OORIAL.

OVIS CYCLOCEROS—OVIS VIGNII?

*Punjabee*—OORIAL.*Balti*—OORREN?*Thibetan*—SHĀ—SHĀPOO—SHALMAR?

THE Oorial, properly so called, is found in the Salt Range, and on most of the low ranges of hills between the Jhelum and the Indus. It is also, I believe, found lower down the latter river in Scinde. A very similar, if not the same Sheep is, however, found in Ladak, in Baltistan, and in Hasora. It is considered to be a distinct animal by naturalists, but from the great similarity of the different varieties, and especially from their geographical distribution, I am inclined to believe that the slight differences which have been observed are merely due to climatic influences. Were there two distinct countries in which very similar Sheep were found, one might still suppose that they were different species; but when a slightly varying description of Sheep is to be met with on the cold and desert plateaux of Thibet, among the pine forests of Hasora, and again among the low hot hills of the salt range and in Scinde, but *always following the course of the Indus*, I think the presumption is very much in favour of the three animals having one origin. I regret that my experience in shooting only refers to the Oorial, and that I am unable to give photographs of the other two. I have, however, seen the Shāpoo in Ladak, and though I never shot a specimen, I have inspected many pair of horns. I have also seen the Oorren in the Astor Valley, and, as far as my observations have gone, I should certainly place them all under the same scientific name. I hope, however, that I may still have the opportunity of shooting the Shāpoo and the Oorren, and of satisfactorily clearing up the doubt which now exists about their identity. The Oorial Ram is a game-looking animal, and appears larger than he really is, his appearance being rendered much more striking by a flowing ruff or rather fringe of long coarse hair extending from the chin to the chest. The general colour is a reddish brown merging into white on the lower parts; there is a curious saddle-like mark on the back, and the legs are dark brown. The ruff or beard is black, or hoary in old individuals. The hair is similar to that of the other Wild Sheep, but somewhat softer in texture. The horns are like those of the domestic ram, but with only one curve, and when perfect tend to form a circle. Few exceed thirty inches in length, but I have seen specimens of thirty-one and thirty-two inches. The females are much smaller than the

males, of a lighter colour, and are more Antelope-like in their appearance; they have very short horns.

The Oorial is found among low stony hills and ravines, which are generally more or less covered with thin jungle, consisting principally of thorny bushes. During the heat of the day the Oorial conceal themselves a good deal, retiring to the most secluded places, but often coming down to feed in the evenings on the crops surrounding the villages. Where not much disturbed they will stay all day in the neighbourhood of their feeding grounds, and allow sheep and cattle to feed amongst them without concern, but where they have been much fired at they usually go a long distance before settling themselves for the day. They are generally found on capital ground for stalking, the chief drawback being the stony nature of the hills, which renders it difficult to walk silently. When fired at, Oorial usually go leisurely away, stopping to gaze every now and then, so that several shots may often be fired at one herd. From all accounts no animal is so hard to kill; the amount of lead that a wounded one will sometimes carry away is almost incredible. I have had but little Oorial shooting. I went out from Rawul Pindee for two days, early in 1867, and only bagged one young Ram, wounding and losing a good-sized one.

In January, 1868, I again paid the salt range a visit, commencing shooting from Sahowa on the 10th. I walked many miles on that day, but only saw one young Ram and a female. On the following day I moved camp to Doméli, and walked across the hills. Having discovered a herd of Oorial at a great distance, I had a very long stalk, and at length got within about a hundred and thirty yards of them. They were lying on some precipitous ground where there had been a sort of landslip, and I could not make out the Ram before one of the females had discovered me, and given the alarm. I had to fire hurriedly and missed the Ram with both barrels, but knocked him over at the third shot. He reared up and fell back down the precipice for a short distance, and I thought he was done for; he soon, however, managed to regain his legs and slowly made off, though apparently with great difficulty. I followed up the track for a long distance, but the blood, which had been at first pretty plentiful, gradually diminished, and at length all traces were lost on the stony ground. I went on in the direction which we thought most likely, and after a time I saw the head and shoulders of a Ram showing over a bush about a hundred and sixty yards off. He was gazing at us, so I had to fire at once, thinking it was the wounded one. He at once made off at a great pace, and, as I thought, untouched, and I then saw that he was one of a fresh herd. I afterwards discovered that I had broken his foreleg. Having lamed myself badly, I was unable to go out the next day, so I sent my Shikarries with dogs to try and recover the wounded Oorial; they saw them both, but were unable to get near them; the first one was eventually caught by a woodcutter. Finding the Oorial very scarce about here, and my time being limited, after two or three days unsuccessful hunting, I went across to another part of the range, and encamped at a village called Thartee, not far from Kotel Khoond. The first morning I only saw three or four small ones, but in the afternoon I was more fortunate. Having ascended the range of low red hills behind the village, I carefully reconnoitred the various ridges below me, and soon made out

two lots of Oorial. The herd which seemed to offer the best chance of a stalk were lying at the extremity of a sort of promontory with precipitous sides of bare red earth. Having made a long *détour* I went along this ridge, and on arriving at the end I saw the Oorial rush across the ravine and up the opposite slope. One Ram was conspicuous among the others from his large horns and shaggy grizzled beard, and at him I fired. My second bullet from a ten-bore rifle struck him behind the shoulder blade and went out at his chest, but in spite of this, he climbed the high cliff opposite, descended, crossed the next ravine, and had gone fully a quarter of a mile before I could come up with him! He proved to be a good specimen with horns twenty-six inches long. His portrait is the one here given.

On the following day I succeeded in getting within a hundred yards of another herd, but had only time to fire a snap shot before they turned a corner; the bullet, however, took effect, breaking the thigh of the largest Ram; he bled profusely, but it took me a long time to bag him, as I had to track him for fully two miles over rocky ground and ravines, before I could come up with him and give him the finishing bullet. My stay in the salt range was limited, and I did not succeed in bagging any more, although I certainly had one or two good chances.

Oorial appear to be partly migratory, as they are now plentiful where they were not so common formerly, and places that were once famous for them are now nearly deserted. This is doubtless in great measure caused by the way in which they are hunted and shot at, wherever they are known to be plentiful. They are now most numerous, as far as I know, about Mullickpoor, near Jellalpoor on the Jhelum. Farther to the south, away from the trunk-road, I believe there are a great many, but I know nothing of the country, and it is very little shot over. Oorial shooting is capital sport between November and March, but at other times the heat in the low hills which they frequent is so intense, as to render the pursuit rather a labour than a pleasure. During the period I have mentioned, the males and females may be found together, and as they are pretty numerous, a beginner in the art of stalking will find them capital practice, and he need not break his heart about a failure, as many chances often occur in a day.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE IBEX.

CAPRA SIBIRICA.

*Thibetan*—SKEEN.*Cashmeerie*—KALE.

SEVERAL<sup>\*</sup> species of Wild Goats with massive scimitar-shaped horns are found in various parts of the world, and they generally receive the name of Ibex from the English sportsman. This term has also erroneously been applied to the Neilgherry Wild Goat, which has no claim to the title. Among other species may be enumerated the Alpine Ibex or Steinbok, the Pyrenean Ibex or Bouquetin, the Nubian, and Caucasian Ibex. None, I believe, surpass in size of horn the Himalayan species.

This Ibex is found in Koonawur, Kooloo, Lahoul, Spiti, Cashmere, Baltistan, and various parts of Thibet; in fact, in almost all the Alpine provinces west of the Sutlej. Perhaps it is most numerous in Spiti, in some parts of Cashmere, and in the neighbourhood of Iskardo. The largest horns I have ever heard of, were procured to the north of the Wurdurm Valley, in Cashmere, not far from the Nun and Kun Peaks. The male Ibex is an imposing-looking specimen of the true Wild Goat. He stands about forty-four inches at the shoulder, and is strongly and compactly built. The prevailing colour is a dirty white, with a ridge of coarse chocolate-coloured hair along the back; the lower parts, legs, and some irregular patches are of the same dark tint. The hair is soft and close, and about two inches in length; and the animal is also plentifully clothed with a fine down or "pusshum," which grows at the roots of the hair, as is the case with almost all the beasts which inhabit the snowy ranges. This "pusshum," and not the true hair, is the celebrated "shawl wool" of Thibet, from which the Cashmere shawls are made.

The Ibex is furnished with a flowing black beard which adds much to its stately appearance. A nearly black Ibex has been shot to the north of Iskardo, but I am unable to say whether it is a distinct species, or only an accidental variety.

The horns of the Ibex are very graceful, curving back over the quarters: they are very massive, and those of adult males vary in length from forty to fifty-two inches, and from ten to thirteen inches in circumference. The females are much smaller than the males, and are of a more uniform colour—a greyish brown, with dark legs. Their horns are thin, and slightly curved, and are generally about a foot in length.

The Ibex inhabits the most precipitous ground in the highest parts of the ranges where



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THE IBEX.  
CAPRA SIBIRICA.





it is found, keeping above the forest (when there is any), unless driven down by severe weather. In the day-time it generally betakes itself to the most inaccessible crags, where it may sleep and rest in undisturbed security, merely coming down to the grassy feeding grounds in the mornings and evenings. Occasionally in very remote and secluded places the Ibex will stay all day on their feeding grounds, but this is not common. In summer, as the snows melt, the old males retire to the highest and most unfrequented mountains, and it is then generally useless to hunt for them as they have such a vast range and can find food in places perfectly inaccessible to man. The females and young ones may be met with all the year round, and often at no very great elevation.

Although an excessively wary animal, the Ibex is usually found on such broken ground, that if due care be taken, it is not very difficult to obtain a shot. The grand rule, as in all other hill stalking, is to keep well above the herd, whose vigilance is chiefly directed beneath them. In places where they have been much disturbed, one or two of the herd usually keep a sharp look out while the rest are feeding, and on the slightest suspicion of danger the sentries utter a loud whistle, which is a signal for a general rush to the nearest rocks. Should the sportsman succeed in obtaining a shot before he is observed by the Ibex, he may often have time to fire several shots before they are out of range, as they appear to be completely stupified and confused by the sudden noise, the cause of which they are unable to account for if they neither see nor smell their enemy. The first time I ever hunted for Ibex was in June 1861, when, on my way to Ladak, I stopped at the small village of Koolon, in the Sinde Valley. Having secured the services of a village Shikarrie, I crossed to the left bank of the stream, and ascended the mountain. For a long distance the path led through forest, the trees composing which changed in character as we got higher, until we at length emerged from the birch forest and found ourselves in an open grassy valley in which herds of Sheep and Goats were feeding. This valley was enclosed on both sides, and at the upper end by high rocky peaks, which were still well covered with snow. A glacier blocked the head of the valley, and from this icy source a small stream took its rise. My Shikarrie assured me that Ibex were to be found here. It was pretty late in the afternoon when we reached the place, and having already had a long climb, we selected a spot for a bivouac, and merely took a short stroll in the evening, seeing nothing but a Bara Sing Stag. Before daylight next morning I unwillingly enough left my comfortable blankets and began to mount the snowy ridge above us. We soon found tracks of Ibex, but only saw an old Bear and her cubs, who were, of course, allowed to remain in peace. Reaching the summit of the ridge, we carefully looked over, and soon discovered the horns of a fine male Ibex about four hundred yards off. As we were watching him we observed the remainder of the herd coming up a hollow straight towards us, so I lay quiet until they fed up to us. First, a female and her kid appeared, then two or three young males, but I waited for an old one. At last, however, a provoking young male jumped on to a rock and looked down on us, so I was obliged to fire, and knocked him over. The herd now stood to gaze, but the villager with my second rifle becoming excited, ran on with it. I had to follow him, seize my rifle, and fire a hurried shot, which I accord-

ingly missed. The dead Ibex had meanwhile rolled down the hill a considerable distance into a ravine half full of snow, to which I had some difficulty in descending. I found that he had horns only about twenty inches in length, but as it was my first essay in Ibex shooting, I was tolerably pleased at having bagged a Buck my first shot. Having skinned him, we proceeded to explore another part of the hill, and saw some more Ibex, but in perfectly inaccessible places, and, as I had promised to meet a friend at Koolon, I returned to that village.

In 1862, I made straight for Ibex ground. Passing through Islamabad I crossed the Mergan Pass into the Wurdurm Valley on the 7th of May. Fresh snow had just fallen and the whole of my party suffered more or less from snow blindness. My own face was blistered all over, and my eyes were very painful for two or three days. Perhaps this interfered with my shooting; at any rate, I succeeded in missing or only wounding several Bears at which I had shots on my way up the Furiabad River, which joins the Wurdurm at Maroo. At length, on the 17th, my luck seemed to change, and I bagged two splendid Snow Bears and two Ibex, but the latter were only small ones. During the next week I did not do much, only bagging a couple of immense Bears and a small Buck Ibex, the latter by a "fluke," for I fired at a larger one who was standing alongside him. On the 23rd, I saw a herd of Ibex close to Camp, but after a climb I only got a long shot as they were moving off, and missed. Not long afterwards I saw a magnificent old male crossing some snow far above us; I immediately started in pursuit, and in the course of the next hour came across seven Musk Deer, at all of which I might have had easy shots. At length we came to a narrow and very steep ravine filled with hard snow, and I was with difficulty climbing up this, when I suddenly saw the old Ibex on some rocks above me; he was accompanied by two or three females. Resting my elbows on a large stone, I had to get my Shikarrie to hold my feet while I fired at the Ibex who was standing facing me; I felt sure of the shot, as the distance was not more than one hundred yards. On the smoke clearing away, however, the Ibex was still in the same position. I now tried the second barrel, but with no better result, and he made off. My Shikarrie then informed me that both my bullets had struck between the horns. I was much annoyed at missing such a fair chance and inwardly resolved that I would not leave the valley until I had killed a similar beast.

I went on to the very top of the range of hills, until I arrived above the spot where I had killed a small Ibex a few days before. We lay down and watched the valleys beneath us nearly all day. Towards evening I made out three animals at an immense distance, and the telescope showed that they were fine old Ibex. I watched them go to some rocks where I hoped to find them in the morning.

Next day, long before daylight, I set out to look for the Ibex. When about a mile from the place where I had last seen them I discovered them feeding by the river. Descending into a broad green valley where we were out of sight, we made for the rocks above them. Several Bears were in our way, and I was rather alarmed lest in their retreat they should disturb the nobler game, but fortunately they all went off up the hill. Having

reached the rocks we found that the Ibex had moved; so we climbed carefully along the crags above the river until we caught sight of six or seven fine fellows quietly feeding about six hundred yards below us. We lay down and watched them for about an hour, and a careful inspection through the glass showed them to be all grand old males with little to choose between them. All this while two Snow Bears lay on a rock within one hundred and fifty yards of us, coolly stretching themselves and looking at us. The Ibex having fed and played about for a long time, at length lay down, one by one, under the shadow of a large rock. After waiting a short time to see that they were comfortably settled, I began the stalk.

First going still further up the hill, I made a circuit of half a mile, so as to get the rock under whose shelter the Ibex had laid down, between myself and them. Having again descended and reached their level, I cocked both barrels of my rifle, and crawled carefully and silently over the few yards of ground which still intervened between me and the rock, taking the utmost care not to rustle a leaf, and also keeping a sharp look out lest any of the wary brutes should outflank me. Having reached the spot from which I hoped to get a shot, I paused a little to take breath, and then raising my head by inches, peered carefully over. There, within ten yards, lay a noble Ibex on his side, fast asleep, with his back turned towards me: the horns only of another were visible. Aiming between the shoulders of the unconscious animal I slowly pressed the trigger, and the fine old Buck lay struggling on the ground. One other only went forward and stood at about fifty yards, when my second bullet crashed through his ribs; he made a spring or two and again stood still, I took my other rifle and dropped him with a bullet through the neck. As he struggled towards the edge of the precipice, my Shikarrie, Sadeek, seized him by the horns and called to me for assistance. I ran up and caught hold just in time to prevent the Buck from going over, and held him fast while Sadeek cut his throat. We now looked for the first one who had managed to stagger to his feet, and then roll over the precipice. To my satisfaction we saw it lying on the snow by the river's edge far below us; had it rolled another yard it would have been swept away by the torrent. As it was it must have fallen a sheer three hundred feet without touching anything, but fortunately the horns were uninjured. Sadeek climbed down by a roundabout way and cut off the head. The horns (those photographed) measured forty-three and a-half inches; the other pair measured forty-one inches. On my way back to Camp I met an officer coming up to shoot, and as I was anxious to press on to Ladak, I resigned the shooting in the valley to him.

I have only once been in Ibex country since, and that was early in May, 1866. I then passed through Spiti, but the season was a very late one, and the whole country so covered with snow, that the Ibex seemed to have left it. I found places that had been described to me as swarming with game, without a track or any other sign. The Tartars all declared that they did not know where the Ibex went to when the snow was deep. I only saw two lots of males, and did not succeed in bagging one. I was on my way to Thibet, so I did not devote very much time to Spiti. I consider Ibex shooting to be the very finest sport in the Himalayas, and in my opinion Pig-sticking and Elephant-shooting are the only sports

of India to which it is inferior in interest and excitement. The Markhoor may be a finer animal than the Ibex, but it is more of a forest-loving beast, and does not afford nearly so many chances as the latter. The Ibex is to be found amidst the grandest scenery in the world, and as it inhabits the more open parts of the hill, it may always be found by those who are acquainted with its haunts. May and June are doubtless the best months for Ibex shooting, when the young grass is beginning to grow on the slopes from which the snow has lately melted. The Ibex then descend to feed on the green sprouts, retiring to the rocks and snow during the daytime. The Ibex is, perhaps, more generally known than any of the game animals of the Himalayas, and is proportionately sought after and hunted. Few beginners, however, kill many old males, and I am sorry to say, that too many people shoot young ones and females indiscriminately, so as to be able to say that they have shot a certain number. This no sportsman (in my acceptation of the term) would do, although of course any one would shoot what came in his way if he wanted meat. Firing at small ones is also very bad policy, for it may frighten away old males, who do not usually require two hints to make them leave a dangerous neighbourhood. Though, as I have said, Ibex inhabit ground where they may generally be readily found, it must not be inferred that they may be easily shot in large numbers; a herd once fired at probably leaves the district altogether. One or two old patriarchs ought to be a sufficient reward for a month of labour, to one who thoroughly enjoys the sport for its own sake, though many more may be killed if good luck is in the ascendant.





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THE MARKHOOR.  
CAPRA MEGACEROS.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE MARKHOOR.

## CAPRA MEGACEROS.

*Persian*—MAR KHOR.

THE name of this Goat has been slightly anglicised from the original which signifies "Serpent eater." The natives firmly believe that it eats snakes, and, unnatural as the habit appears to be, I believe that there is some foundation for the story. There seem to be four distinct known varieties of the Markhoor varying slightly in size and habits, but, principally in the shape of the horns. They are—

First. The Pir Punjal Markhoor, found on the ranges to the south and west of Cashmere. This variety has heavy flat horns, twisted like a corkscrew, with a very open spiral, and growing to a great length.

Second. The Trans-Indus Markhoor, found in the hills along the north west frontier, especially near Sheikh Boodeen. It has perfectly straight horns, with a spiral flange or ridge running up them; they do not grow to so great a length as in the Pir Punjal variety, and I believe the animal itself is not so large.

Third. In the Hazareh Country, near Peshawur, the Markhoor have horns with a slight corkscrew as well as twist, forming as it were the connecting link between the two first-named varieties.

Fourth. In Astor and Bultistan the Markhoor have large flat horns branching out very widely, and then going nearly straight up with only a half turn.

The Pir Punjal Markhoor is the only one which I have ever had the opportunity of shooting, so the classification which I have just given is only the opinion which I have formed from the accounts of other sportsmen, and from the examination of a good many horns. The portrait here given is one of the first variety, and I will proceed to describe him. He is in my opinion the most magnificent game animal possessing horns that is to be found in the world. I have seen heads of almost all the Indian, and many of the African and American varieties of the Deer, Antelope, Goat, and Sheep tribe, but I think the Markhoor beats them all.

Considerably exceeding the Ibex in size, the Markhoor in his winter coat is clothed with long shaggy hair, which reaches its greatest length about the neck and shoulders. The prevailing colour is a dirty bluish white, presenting rather a patchy appearance. The beard is dark, long, and flowing. The horns are extraordinarily large; rising in a line with the



forehead they branch gracefully outwards, and then rise in a fine bold spiral attaining generally a length of from forty to fifty inches measured along the edge of the horn. Some specimens greatly exceed this measurement, and in one splendid pair which I have seen the longest horn measured sixty-three inches, and the other one which had been broken, measured fifty-seven inches! As a rule, however, the very long horns are not so thick and massive as those of average length.

The females are much smaller than the males, of a redder colour, and with shorter hair. Their horns are insignificant little things, slightly twisted.

The Markhoor inhabits the most precipitous and difficult ground, where nearly perpendicular faces of rock alternate with steep grassy slopes and patches of forest. It is very shy and secluded in its habits, remaining concealed in the densest thickets during the daytime, and only coming out to feed in the mornings and evenings. No animal's pursuit leads the sportsman over such dangerous ground as that of the Markhoor. Living so much in the forest, it must be followed over steep inclines of short grass which the melting snow has left with all the blades flattened downwards; and amid pine trees whose needle-like spines strew the ground and render it more slippery and treacherous than ice. If one falls on such ground, one instantly begins to slide down the incline with rapidly increasing velocity, and unless some friendly bush or stone arrests one's progress, the chances are that one is carried over some precipice and either killed or severely injured. Many hair's breadth escapes occur, and the only wonder is that fatal accidents so seldom happen.

Early in the season the males and females may be found together on the open grassy patches and clear slopes among the forest, but during the summer the females generally betake themselves to the highest rocky ridges above the forest, while the males conceal themselves still more constantly in the jungle, very rarely showing themselves. They are always very wary, and require great care in stalking them.

The first year I was in India (in 1861), I commenced my hill shooting by visiting the Pir Punjal. Turning off the regular Cashmere road at Baramgulla, I spent several days in the vicinity of Chitta Pani, one of the best places for Markhoor, but though I saw several, I did not get a shot at an old male. Being quite inexperienced, I had not the requisite stock of patience to ensure success, and after a few days' hunting, I went on to Cashmere by a pass considerably to the left of the regular Pir Punjal one, without having bagged anything.

In August, 1862, on my return from Thibet, I again visited the Pir Punjal in search of Markhoor. Leaving the main road near Aliabad Serai, I came into another valley near Chitta Pani. On the first day, August the 20th, I had hardly reached the ground when I saw two female Markhoor. I wounded one of them badly, but lost her in a thick fog. For the next five days I worked hard, but only saw a few female Markhoor and Tahr among the highest rocks. Every morning the clouds came rolling up from the valleys below, enveloping us in thick mist and rendering it impossible to see farther than a few yards. In the evening they sank gradually down again. I had not even seen the track of an old Markhoor, and was beginning almost to despair of success, when at last, on the 26th, we were blessed with a

fine, clear day. Leaving my tent at daylight, and going to the top of the hill on which I was encamped, I proceeded along the face of a crescent-shaped range of high steep hills, much broken up by ravines. I had gone a very short distance when I saw five Markhoor feeding about four hundred yards below us. Two of them had fair sized horns, the others were smaller. We lay down to watch them, and while doing so, I discovered nine more farther along the hill: the glass showed them to be all fine old males, six in particular having splendid horns. They were near one horn of the crescent-shaped hill, while we were near the other, so it was impossible to approach them until they shifted their ground. In about half-an-hour they disappeared round the opposite end of the hill, and to my delight, they were speedily followed by the first lot. As soon as they were all out of sight, we went after them at best pace, and having reached the point round which they had gone (a distance of about a mile), we looked carefully over, and soon saw them not very far off. Some of them were moving slowly on, but others seemed inclined to stay where they were. There appeared to be two ways of getting near them, but the one which would give the best chance of a shot, if they remained where they were, would expose us to the danger of being seen, should the remainder of the herd move off in the direction which some had already taken: we therefore chose a rather more difficult approach. Retracing our steps a few yards, we then descended a rather awkward precipice which I did not much like; however, we reached the bottom in safety. Keeping under cover of the hill, we at length arrived opposite a little hollow which ran down towards the Markhoor. Carefully descending this, I cautiously raised my head above the junipers and beheld two Markhoor, one lying under a rock, and the other feeding about a hundred and fifty yards off. The others were not visible, and there was no way of approaching any nearer, but the one feeding was a fine fellow, and he stood in a good position. After watching him for some time, and giving my nerves time to steady, I rested my rifle on a rock, and taking deliberate aim at his shoulder, fired. Nothing denoted that he was hit, he merely bounded forward, and the others, who had been lying concealed among the junipers, also sprang up. It was a grand sight and one which I shall never forget, to see these noble animals standing on the rocks in various attitudes gazing about them, being as yet ignorant of where the danger came from. Conspicuous among them was one splendid old fellow with horns far larger than the rest, and at him I sent the contents of my second barrel. I could not see that he was hit either, and I am pretty sure that I missed with the single barrel which I discharged at a third one, and away went all the Markhoor in gallant style. This would have seemed a pretty mess to a spectator, and I was almost speechless with disgust. In another minute I exclaimed "the large one is lame!" as he separated from the flock, and went slowly up the hill alone. As I was reloading and watching him, my Shikarrie called out "there is another one wounded," and, true enough, the first one I had fired at subsided into a walk, and, stopping every minute, went slowly down the hill. Having finished reloading, I gave my gun to Sadeek, my Shikarrie, and told him to follow up the big one, while I went after the other one which seemed hardest hit. Away I went as hard as I could run, slipping and falling every minute, for the steep hill side was covered with grass and

weeds. At first no blood was to be found, but after going some way, I discovered a few drops, and in a quarter of a mile came up with the Markhoor who was slowly walking off, about eighty yards below me. Dropping on one knee and holding my breath, I sent a shell through his neck, and he fell like a stone. He lay motionless for a few seconds, and then regaining his feet, rushed down the steep hill splashing the grass and bushes with his blood. I followed and slipped, fell, and scrambled (for it was too steep for me to keep my footing) for a couple of hundred yards, when I overtook him with his head in a bush, which he was too weak to force his way through. I seized him by his beautiful horns, and the knife finished him.

My Shikarrie hearing me fire relinquished his pursuit of the other Markhoor and rejoined me, saying he could find no blood. I was much annoyed as I knew it was hit, but thinking that the dead one might get stiff if left alone, I allowed my Shikarrie to stay while we skinned it. This occupied some time, and when we had completed it and had something to eat we took up the trail of the large Markhoor. We soon found a little blood, and when we came to ground where the footmarks could be distinctly made out we came to the conclusion that he had a broken foreleg. We followed the track mile after mile, first down the steep hill, and then for a very long way along a rocky water-course, hoping all the time that as he did not attempt to ascend he must be badly wounded. Our hopes were at last destroyed by finding that the track turned up the face of a nearly perpendicular hill into thick forest: here the Markhoor appeared to have been joined by others and we gave up the chase about dusk several miles from Camp. It was a steep ascent, through slippery forest, all the way home, and I was thoroughly tired out when I at last reached my tent long after dark. Having worn out all my grass shoes, I had been walking nearly barefoot for a long distance, and had cut one of my feet on the stones.

I was too lame to follow up the chase on the following day, so I sent my second Shikarrie in pursuit, and managed to walk to Poshana. The Shikarrie came in in the evening, stating that he had seen the Markhoor, but had been unable to get near it.

Male Markhoor are usually so scarce, and so difficult to find, that no ordinary share of patience is required to ensure success. I consider May and June to be the best months for shooting them. They are then in low condition, and are, therefore, compelled to spend more time in feeding than when they are fatter and food more plentiful. When the fresh tracks of old males are found, the ground should be constantly watched, for several days, if necessary, as there is no knowing where they may be concealed, and good chances may be thrown away by being in too great a hurry to try fresh ground. Large bags of old Markhoor are not to be expected, and he who secures a couple of fine heads in a month's shooting may consider himself very fortunate.





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THE MUSK DEER.  
MOSCHUS MOSCHIFERUS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MUSK DEER.

## MOSCHUS MOSCHIFERUS.

*Puharrie*—KUSTOORA, BENA, MUSSUCK NABA, ROUSE.

MUSK is to be found in various animals, (most of which derive their name from the fact) as the Musk Ox, Musk Deer, Musk Rat, &c.

The musk of commerce, however, is derived almost or quite exclusively from the curious little Deer which is the subject of the present chapter.

The Musk Deer is found all along the Himalayas on almost every hill which reaches an elevation of 12,000 feet. It is, however, much less common, or rather less plentiful, than it used to be, for the value of the musk is well known, and no animal is more persecuted. In some of the more remote parts of Cashmere, Gurais and Tillail, it is probably now as numerous as anywhere. The Ganges Valley used to be a favourite locality, but I believe that Mr. Wilson and his Shikarries have pretty well cleared it out. The Musk Deer is very singular both in its form and habits: it is one of the smallest of the Deer tribe, standing not more than twenty inches at the shoulder. The prevailing colour is a brownish grey, varying in shades on the back, where it is darkest, so as to give the animal a mottled or brindled appearance. The hair of the Musk Deer is very curious, being coarse and brittle: it has been aptly compared to miniature porcupine quills: it always comes out very easily. That on the head and legs is shorter and finer than on the body. The head is very small and narrow; both sexes are destitute of horns, but the male is furnished with a pair of tusks in the upper jaw: they grow downwards and slightly curved backwards, and attain a length of about three inches. The legs are slender; the hoofs are very delicate, hard, sharp, and polished; the heels are immensely elongated, giving the animal a wonderfully firm hold on slippery and dangerous ground; the prints of the heels are always plainly visible in soft ground or on snow. The Musk "pod" or bag is situated on the abdomen: a good "pod" will contain about an ounce of musk and is worth about a pound. The quantity varies according to the season and the age of the animal. Only the male is provided with it, which is explained on an examination of the anatomy of the animal, and position of the "pod." The Musk Deer is a solitary and retiring animal; it is nearly nocturnal in its habits, remaining concealed in some thick bush during the daytime and only coming out to

feed in the mornings and evenings. It frequents the highest parts of the forest, preferring the birch, rhododendron, and juniper, and is almost always found alone, rarely in pairs, and never in flocks. No animal seems more indifferent to cold, from which it is well protected by its thick coat of hollow hair which forms as it were a sort of cushion, which acts as an insulator and enables the deer to lie even on snow without much loss of animal heat.

It is amazingly active and sure-footed, bounding along without hesitation over the steepest and most dangerous ground. Its usual food appears to be leaves and flowers, but the natives say that it will kill and eat snakes! A friend of mine, an officer in the Artillery, assured me that he had seen a snake which was taken out of the stomach of a Musk Deer which he had just shot. I cannot remember, however, whether he actually saw it cut out or not, so it is possible that his Shikarries may have deceived him. I have shot very few Musk Deer as I have generally met with them when hunting larger game, and have, therefore, not cared to fire at such small game. In places where they are numerous they afford pretty good sport, and being so small are capital practice to the young rifle shot. When a Musk Deer observes any one, it will generally stand perfectly motionless for a long time, gazing at the intruder, and occasionally uttering a loud hiss. Under these circumstances it is a good plan to leave a man to engage its attention while it is stalked from a different direction. This plan is also frequently successful with other animals who will watch any unusual object, at a distance, for a long time without moving away, but will at once take fright if they fancy that any concealed danger threatens them.

In the Furiabad Valley, in 1862, I one morning came across seven Musk Deer, at all of which I might have had easy shots, but as I was following a fine Ibex, I would not run the risk of disturbing him. On another occasion I wounded a Musk Deer, but though it had a broken hind leg, it made off over frightfully bad ground, and after a long chase I failed to overtake it. In the same year I shot a fine male in the Pir Punjal; it was feeding among some juniper bushes, and I managed to approach within thirty yards and knock it over with the shot gun. The Musk Deer when caught young may be easily domesticated, but many go blind and die. In 1865, I bought one from a shepherd boy near Malari, below the Niti Pass. I got a milch goat for it, but though the little thing soon took to its foster mother, she did not appear to reciprocate its affection, and always had to be held while it was sucking. This it did in a curious way, jumping up and crossing its forelegs every instant, and uttering a singular plaintive cry. I kept it for more than a fortnight, when it went blind and died, apparently suffering much pain.

A friend of mine was more fortunate. In 1867, he procured a young Musk Deer in the hills near Murree; it soon became perfectly tame and seemed to thrive remarkably well on bread and milk, flowers, and leaves. It was very bold and fearless, and used to play with my friend's children and with a little dog. The dog was equally fond of the deer, and it was amusing to see him attack any stranger who presumed to touch it. I saw the deer in November, after it had been brought down to the plains, and I believe that it is still in perfect health.

Musk Deer are hardly worth taking much trouble about, except for the sake of their

musk, and I should think that no one would care to devote much time to their pursuit for the sake of the sport alone, though, as I said before, they afford good practice, so it is worth while shooting them when there is no danger of frightening better game. The flesh is remarkably good, and not in the least flavoured by the musk.

Great numbers of Musk Deer are caught in snares by the natives, besides those that are shot, and it is really a wonder that any are left, so relentlessly are they hunted.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CASHMERE STAG.

## CERVUS WALLICHI.

*Cashmeerie*—HANGUL.

THIS fine Deer is very similar to, if not identical with, the Red Deer of Scotland; the principal difference being in the superior size of the horns of the Cashmere Stag. It seems to be confined to the ranges surrounding the valley of Cashmere, and is most plentiful on the northern side; the Wurdurm and Sinde Valleys are very favourite localities. Of late years, I regret to say, the number of Stags has greatly diminished, not owing to their having been killed by English sportsmen, but to the wholesale massacres by the natives, which take place during the winter, when there is deep snow on the ground. At this time the unfortunate Deer are surrounded and chased by men and dogs until they become exhausted and stick in the snow, when they are shot or knocked on the head with clubs and axes. I have been informed that during one winter five hundred Stags were thus slaughtered! As a rule, a full-grown Stag has twelve tines on his antlers, hence the name "Bara Sing" (twelve horns) by which he is generally known among the Shikarries and English sportsmen. I have heard of fourteen and sixteen tines, but have never seen more than thirteen, and I think the finest pair of horns I ever saw had only eleven. The length, weight, and shape of the horns vary very much. I regret that I am unable to give a photograph of a fine head, never having had the luck to shoot a Stag with very large horns.

The "Bara Sing" inhabits the forest-clad mountains, and is generally a rather difficult animal to find. The horns are usually shed in March, just before visitors are able to reach Cashmere. In April and May both Stags and Hinds may be met with pretty frequently on the open glades and grassy slopes not far below the snow, but they are of course not worth shooting at that time. Soon after this the Stags all migrate to the highest ranges towards Thibet, and there remain until their horns are grown, when they begin to return to the lower valleys. This latter migration usually takes place about the beginning of September, and the rutting season begins soon afterwards. Now is the time that they may be easily found, as they may be heard bellowing at all hours of the day, and can then be pretty easily stalked. As my leave always expired on the 1st of October, I never had an opportunity of hunting the "Bara Sing" during the calling time, and though I have spent many days and nights on the hill during the end of August and early part of September, my labours were

not crowned with much success. In August, 1864, I tried the country on the Sinde Valley side of the mountain of Hermook. Leaving the village of Chuttergool on the 25th, after a long and steep march I encamped on the open flat above the forest. Next morning I did not feel inclined to go out, but in the afternoon having sent my tent on a couple of miles, I went along the ridge of the hill reconnoitring the steep ravines which lay below. Before long a Bara Sing Stag was discovered lying under a rock some distance down the hill, and I at once proceeded to stalk him. When within thirty yards of the place I saw his head and horns above the stone; I could easily have shot him, but not wishing to spoil his head, I waited for a chance at his shoulder. The Stag, however, did not move forward, and presently his horns disappeared; I waited for a few minutes, and then, seeing nothing more of him, I crept carefully down to the rock under which he had been lying. To my astonishment he was nowhere to be seen. My Shikarrie having joined me, we both looked about and at last the Shikarrie discovered the deer's horns sticking out from under the stone a little to our right. I silently moved to the place and sat down on the rock above the horns, so close that I might have taken hold of them by leaning over! The horns, although quite hard, were not quite clear of the velvet which hung from them in strips. I sat for some time waiting for the Stag to rise; at last a fly got into my throat and I could not restrain a cough; the horns moved quickly as the Stag started—another cough—and he sprang up and gazed beneath him, but only instantly to fall dead with a bullet through his neck. Unfortunately the hill was very steep, and he rolled down a long way, breaking off one of his horns at the base; we clambered down to him and found that he was a fine Stag with ten points, but the horns were not very large. We found the broken one without much difficulty, and then had a pretty stiff climb back to Camp.

I worked hard till the 31st, without seeing another Stag; on that day I found three lying down, and a Snow Bear feeding close to them. The stalk was an easy one, and I reached a juniper bush about one hundred yards from, and straight above, the deer. All had poor heads, so I chose the one that offered the best chance and shot him dead. A fourth Stag, which I had not previously seen, now jumped up with the other two, and I should most certainly have got another, if my fools of Shikarries had not showed themselves instead of lying still, so that the deer galloped off without stopping to gaze. I continued hunting until the 7th of September, sometimes sleeping out on the hill side, so as to be on the ground by daylight, but only saw one other Stag; I miscalculated the distance, and missed my first shot, and my second barrel missed fire.

I have often thought that grand sport might be obtained in some of the gently sloping valleys of Cashmere, by hunting the Bara Sing with hounds, and either shooting the Stags at the passes, or killing them with the knife when at bay in the water. To do this, however, one would require good and staunch hounds that might be depended upon, to seize the Stag and keep their hold. I have never had the opportunity of trying the experiment. Unless the Stags are calling, much time may be spent in searching for them without success, and even if one is found, either accidentally or by tracking it to its lair, probably a glimpse of the animal as he disappears in the forest, is all that is obtained.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SNOW BEAR.

URSUS ISABELLINUS.

*Hindustani*—BHALOO.*Cashmeerie*—HARPUT.

THE Snow Bear, Brown Bear, Red Bear, or White Bear, as it is variously called, inhabits most of the highest forest-clad ranges, but it is by far most numerous in Cashmere. In that country, in 1864, a friend of mine saw twenty-eight in one day, and shot seven. I have myself seen thirteen; twelve or fifteen years ago, the country must have been literally swarming with them, and I have heard that the people were afraid to go from one village to another, after dark. Nowadays every one who visits Cashmere shoots a few Bears, and the only wonder is that the race is not quite exterminated.

The Snow Bear varies a good deal in size, but a full-grown male will attain a length of nearly seven feet. The hair is very long and thickly set: it varies much in colour from a dark brown to a yellowish white. The old males have the finest skins, and when shot in April or May they are excessively handsome.

The Snow Bear is very powerfully made, its forearms especially, being immensely large and muscular, the claws are about three inches in length and are most formidable instruments.

Although endowed with most acute powers of scent, the Bear is a very blind animal, and if care be taken to avoid giving him the wind, no animal is more easily stalked. He is uncouth and grotesque in all his movements, and I for one can never watch a Bear without laughing at his absurd appearance. The Cashmeeries have so low an idea of Bruin's intelligence, that they apply the name of "*Harput*" to any peculiarly stupid and loutish individual.

In winter the Snow Bear regularly hibernates, concealing itself in some cave at the approach of the cold season, and not re-appearing until the snows have begun to melt in April and May. When they first appear, the Bears are very thin, but with splendid shaggy coats; they may be found on all the open spots on the hill side where the snow has melted, turning over rocks in search of insects, digging for roots, or feeding on the young sprouts of grass and various herbs: about this time the young ones are born, and may be seen accompanying their mother when little bigger than Skye terriers. As the season advances, the Bears scatter themselves all over the hills, and may be frequently found at great elevations,

far above the forest. Late in the season they are not worth shooting, as their skins are very inferior. Until recently, and I believe even now, any one visiting Cashmere might make a very large bag of Snow Bears; but as they are found on hills which are also the habitat of much more worthy objects of the chase, the energetic sportsman will soon get tired of slaughtering beasts which require so little skill. I am sorry to say, however, that some Englishmen not only shoot every Bear they can come across in a legitimate way, but fire absurdly long shots at them, thereby often merely wounding the poor brutes; and others who are not satisfied with their bag, employ their Shikarries to shoot Bears for them. Such unsportsmanlike conduct requires no comment.

A few old Bears, however, are worth shooting for the sake of their skins, provided that there is no danger of disturbing nobler game.

When I first visited Cashmere, I was of course anxious to kill a Bear, and well remember my delight when, on the first day of my arrival in the valley, I was awoke from a sound sleep by a Coolie who came running up to inform me that he had just seen two Bears. Being a Cashmeerie, he could not deny himself the gratification of telling a lie, but it turned out that he had seen *one*. Seizing my rifle, I quickly ran out and had not proceeded more than two hundred yards from the tree under which I had been sleeping, before I saw a Snow Bear leisurely sauntering along, occasionally stopping to dig up a root or turn over a stone. Ensconcing myself behind a tree towards which he was making, I waited until he passed within thirty yards, when a bullet from my rifle dropped him, and one or two more finished him. His skin, though not particularly large, was as soft and handsome as any I have ever seen. This took place on the 4th of May, 1861.

After paying a visit to S'rinugger and engaging a new Shikarrie (poor fellow! he was accidentally shot next year by an officer), I went into the district of Dagowan in search of Bears. For the first two or three days I did not see a single animal, although pretty recent traces were abundant.

On the 15th, as I was dressing at the door of my tent, a Snow Bear made his appearance a few hundred yards off. I was soon in pursuit of him, but as he was travelling and not feeding, I had a long stern chase and only wounded him by a long shot. We then determined to try another hill which was not very far off.

The ground was a series of high ridges of rock running from top to bottom of the mountain, with green ravines between them, and occasional patches of jungle. We went down along one of the ridges and the Shikarrie soon discovered a Bear feeding far below us. Shortly afterwards he saw a Serow about four hundred yards lower down. As he was pointing it out to me, a fine Bara Sing Stag crossed the same open space with a Snow Bear in hot pursuit of him! and immediately afterwards another Bear appeared coming up the ravine. Being on a high cliff I had to make a long circuit in order to get near this collection of beasts, and had an awkward climb for it. At last we got near the place, and I saw a Bear a short distance below us. The Shikarrie, however, first wished to have a look at the exact place where we had seen the Serow, and which was only a few yards off. He had only gone a few steps, when he drew back and handed me my rifle, saying there was a Bear close

by. I went to the rock from which he had seen it and looked down into the ravine, but could see nothing. The Shikarrie pulled my arm and pointed to the corner of the rock, and there, to my amazement, was a Bear standing on her hind legs, coolly looking at me not five yards off! I was so surprised, that I fired in a hurry at her chest, but must have made a bad shot, for she tumbled off the rock and made off, and though I put two more bullets in her, she managed to get away, leaving a good deal of blood behind her. As I was re-loading, I discovered her cub, and told my Coolie to catch it; he did so, but as the little brute was very savage, the stupid fellow let it go again. I wounded another Bear in the afternoon, but lost it also. For several days I shot nothing more, being a young hand at the work, and losing several chances; but on the 20th, I shot another Bear. On the 25th, as I was stalking a Bear, she suddenly galloped past about forty yards above me. I rolled her over; and as she came tumbling down the rocks, I had only just time to get out of her way and give her the *coup de grâce* as she passed.

In 1862, I shot some magnificent old Snow Bears in the Furiabad Valley: they were very numerous, and had I not been after Ibex, I might have shot a great many. One of them afforded an instance of the great tenacity of life possessed by Bears. Having stalked to within thirty yards, I fired, and hit him between the eyes with an Enfield shell: the Bear gave a groan and walked on, and took two more shots to finish him! Of course, the brain was not touched. The same evening I shot a very handsome and singularly light coloured Bear: he appeared to be quite white when I fired at him.

I have never seen a Snow Bear charge, though I have killed and wounded many, but I am aware that they will sometimes do so with much ferocity. The nearest approach to a charge that I ever witnessed, was once when I fired at an old she-Bear and hit her cub who moved into the way: the mother turned and roared at me as I ran down to get another shot, but she thought better of it, and again turned tail. If the sportsman keeps above a Bear, his charge is easily stopped.

As I observed before, there is no difficulty in finding or stalking Bears, but, except early in the season, they are not worth shooting. If caught young they may be easily tamed, but become dangerous when they grow to their full size. They are frequently dragged about in India, and exhibited as dancing Bears; these poor animals' teeth have almost invariably been extracted, and they are treated with shocking cruelty. A Hindoo has no feeling for an animal's sufferings, and will perpetrate any atrocity on a defenceless beast, though he makes fuss enough if his own precious skin is touched. I have often longed to put a ring through one of these Bear-leaders' noses, hit him over the head, jerk the string, and make him dance and howl for the edification of his countrymen. These sentiments will doubtless shock Exeter Hall, and those very extraordinary people who think that a black skin must necessarily be the abode of every virtue under the sun.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE HIMALAYAN BLACK BEAR.

## URSUS TIBETANUS.

*Hindustani*—BHALOO, REECH.*Cashmeerie*—HARPUT.

WHY the scientific name of *Tibetanus* should have been applied to this species, I could never understand, as it is not found in the parts of Thibet with which we are acquainted. *Ursus Himalayensis* would have been more appropriate. The name *Torquatus*, sometimes given, is equally applicable to the present species and to the Black Bear of the Plains (*Melursus labiatus*) with which it has often been confounded.

The Himalayan Black Bear is pretty generally distributed throughout the Himalayas, and is in some places very numerous. Perhaps it is more plentiful in Cashmere than anywhere else, and being more of a jungle loving animal than the Snow Bear, its numbers are not so much thinned by sportsmen.

The Black Bear varies much in size, but old males often grow to the length of seven feet, or more, and are enormously fat and heavy. The hair is jet black, with the exception of a white lower lip, and a white V-shaped mark on the chest. The skin is not very handsome, the hair being coarse, and rather scanty on the lower parts; it is longest on the neck and shoulders, giving the Bear the appearance of having a hump. The claws are short and stout, and well adapted for climbing. The eyes are very small, but the sense of smelling is highly developed.

The Black Bear does not appear to hibernate so completely as the Snow Bear, for even on the higher ranges one may occasionally be seen during the winter. Although it feeds on roots and grass, the Black Bear is more given to invading cultivated ground and carrying on its depredations among crops, and fruit trees, Indian corn, buckwheat, apricots, walnuts, and mulberries, are its especial favourites. In the forest there is nothing which the Bear appears to enjoy more, or to grow so fat upon, as acorns, and late in the season, numbers may be found in the oak forests climbing the trees, and both gathering the acorns and shaking them down. Like the Snow Bear, the black one is very fond of flesh when he can get it, and is not particular as to whether it is of his own killing or not. Occasionally an old male regularly takes to feeding on sheep, cattle, or ponies, and continues the practice until he is killed. The Bear is often very ferocious, and many natives are met with in the hills who have been seriously injured in an encounter with one of the species: the face seems to

be the favourite object of attack. Many accidents, however, happen from people incautiously following a wounded one into thick jungle, where, perhaps, the sportsman finds himself in the clutches of the beast before he has time to defend himself. A brother officer of mine was badly wounded in this way in Cashmere in 1862.

I never thought it worth while to devote any time to Black Bear shooting, and, indeed, have not fired at more than half a dozen in my life, although I might, doubtless, have killed great numbers, as they came to visit the mulberry and walnut trees in Cashmere. When I first visited the valley, I was of course anxious to get one, and well remember my disgust at losing the first I ever saw on the Pir Punjal in 1861. I was returning to my tent one evening in April, after a long unsuccessful day, when I suddenly saw a Black Bear feeding on a green flat below us. I stalked carefully down, and having got within fifty yards, bowled him over; after howling and rolling about for a little, he regained his legs and rushed into the jungle. As he bled plentifully I was in hopes of bagging him, but after a long chase I found that he had crossed a river, and I had to give him up. I went out beyond the Shalimar Gardens, on the 2nd of June, to try a place where many Bears were said to resort to feed on the mulberries. Next morning I was out before daylight, and soon saw a Bear returning from his feast. As he leisurely strolled along, he found a bone and lay down under a rock to gnaw it. This gave me time to stalk to within thirty yards of him. He was nearly straight below me, and I took great pains to shoot him dead, but somehow or other my bullet only grazed him; I missed with the second barrel, and he went into some jungle, but as he passed an open space I killed him with my single barrel. On skinning him I found that he was literally stuffed with mulberries! Early next morning I saw a large Bear go into some jungle, so, in the evening, I went to wait for him near the place. Bruin was punctual, and I soon saw him coming towards me. I went to meet him, and got a shot, within about fifteen yards, as he was feeding among some rose bushes. A twig must have turned the bullet, for the Bear went off untouched, but my second bullet catching him in the loins, as he turned away, raked him completely, and after galloping about two hundred yards down hill he stopped in a patch of jungle, where I found him lying dead. He was a large Bear and had a very good skin. The best way of getting Black Bears is to beat any wooded ravines that may be in the vicinity of the fields or fruit trees where they are known to feed. By sending men out at daylight to mark them down as they return to the ravines much time may be saved, but the sport is not a very exciting one. Early in winter the Bears may frequently be found on the oak trees, and may be quietly "potted" as they sit!

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE WILD BOAR.

## SUS INDICUS.

*Hindustani*—SOOR, BUD, BUNÉLA.

THE Wild Boar appears to be distributed over nearly the whole of the old world, varying only slightly in different countries. In India it is found almost everywhere throughout the plains, and also in the hills to a great elevation. It is most numerous in the belt of forests commonly called the Terai, at the foot of the Himalayas.

The Wild Boar varies much in size, according principally to the nature of the country he inhabits; those found in the lower ranges of the hills are generally the largest. The biggest I ever saw was in the Pattlee Doon, one of those valleys which lie among the spurs of the Himalayas. I was hunting for Elephants when this Boar suddenly got up under a bush, within twenty yards, and quietly stood watching me. I did not fire at him, and he walked leisurely off, looking very much as if he wanted but slight provocation to induce him to charge. He was an enormous brute, and I wished that I had him on an open plain, where, with a good horse and a spear, we might have had a fair fight. I believe thirty-nine or forty inches is about the greatest height to which the Boar grows, but they vary very much in bulk, some being lean and lanky, others fat and heavy. The colour also varies a good deal, from nearly jet black to a reddish hue.

The tusks of the Boar are most formidable instruments; they are as sharp as razors, and protrude nearly three inches from the jaw of a large Boar, the total length of whose tusk may be as much as nine inches, two-thirds being imbedded in the jaw.

The Sow is considerably smaller than the Boar, and has merely the rudiments of tusks; she is, however, more active, and is sufficiently formidably armed to be a very dangerous opponent.

In the hills, the Wild Boar lives in any thick jungle he can find, often in the vicinity of villages, on whose crops he nightly levies tribute. In the plains, the Pig delights in grass jungle, in beds of reeds in the vicinity of water, and above all in sugar cane. If the latter is not in sufficient quantity to afford good cover, Pig will live in the nearest jungle and pay nocturnal visits to the sugar, of which they destroy an immense quantity; they will often



travel many miles in search of their favourite food. Frequently, however, an old Boar will take up his abode in the cane, and will not leave it, attacking every one who ventures to disturb him.

No animal exceeds the Pig in ferocity, or equals him in courage and determination. Once roused, nothing will stop him; he will boldly charge the largest Elephant who may have disturbed him, without further provocation; or, if desperately wounded, he will receive spear after spear without flinching, rushing fearlessly at every horse or man whom he can see, utterly reckless of the wounds he receives, and fighting gallantly, until at last he sinks from a mortal thrust. This gameness added to considerable speed, has made him much sought after, as affording the most exciting and delightful sport in the world, when legitimately hunted with horse and spear.

Pig-sticking (for in these days it would be pedantic to call it Hog hunting) is, I think, generally allowed by those who have thoroughly joined in it, to possess all the requisites of real sport in an unequalled degree; and in no other species of hunting is the animal pursued, treated with such fairness. With two or three horsemen after him, an old Boar can, and often does, make a good fight of it, and the wounds are not always all his. In Pig-sticking, many sports are combined, racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, and (is it not a sport?) fighting. I think no one would ever forget the day when he first experienced the delightful sensation of taking *first spear*.

This glorious sport has often been written about by abler pens than mine, and by men with a hundred times more experience; so I shall not presume to lay down rules, nor to give my own views on horses and riding, but will merely quote Colonel Shakespear with regard to the latter, and record my opinion, that it is not necessary to have very expensive horses in order to enjoy this sport. Of course, with equal riders the best horse will have the best chance of the spear, and among a large field of first-class horses, a slow screw would probably see little of the run; still among ordinary horses, a man very indifferently mounted will find that he can see a good deal of the fun, and that his turn for "first spear" will frequently come round if he will only ride his best. If you have lots of money, buy the best horses you can find, but don't stay at home and give as your reason "that you can't afford to give 1,500 rupees for an Arab up to weight." Besides, unless you are *very* rich, you will probably not enjoy your sport so much, if you are riding on a "lot of money."

But with regard to riding, Colonel Shakespear says, "Ride to the front, there is hardly any ground that a Hog crosses where your horse cannot follow. Blot the words *impossible* and *impracticable* out of your dictionary."

I suppose there are many more falls, in proportion out Pig-sticking, than there are across a stiff hunting country in England. This arises from the "blind" nature of the ground ridden over, and the pace at which it is necessary to go, giving no time to pick one's way.

In the "Kurdar," or old valley of the Ganges, for instance, the ground consists of level plains covered with grass and intersected with deep nullahs or ravines, some dry, others full of water, with deep but invisible ditches; holes varying in size from pits large enough to swallow up horse and rider, to others just big enough to admit a horse's leg; hidden stumps;

and tangled bushes of "jhow;" and over this one has to gallop at racing pace. What wonder if "croppers" are the rule, and not the exception? Still, I have rarely known any one hurt; the pace is too good.

The Meerut Tent Club hunt over this ground, and enjoy splendid sport. I think the day's sport which I now record was the first regular meeting of that club. As most of us were then beginners, we did not, I fear, spare the Sows sufficiently, but the grass was so long that one sometimes had a longish gallop before the sex of the Pig could be discovered, and then it was hard to pull up! Afterwards we were more particular.

On the 23rd of March, 1865, a party of eleven of us met at Hastnapoor, on the Ganges, about eighteen miles from Meerut. Most of us went out shooting in the evening and killed a few Partridges and Snipe. Early next morning, three of us rode over to Sherpoor, a village a few miles off, where the coolies had been ordered to await us. In the grey of the morning, we saw some Pig returning from their night's ramble, but not having our spears in our hands we could not ride them. Having reached Sherpoor, and made all preparations, we were just starting to beat, when we met the rest of the party: two of them had met with a Sow and killed her. C. had obtained first spear. All being in readiness, we commenced beating, but for some time without success. At last I saw three Pig coming back towards the right of the line where I was posted, and at once gave chase, but getting into a thick clump of palm trees I was thrown out, and when I got clear I saw F. with the lead. I raced up to him and overtook him just after he had turned the Pig. We gave turn and turn for some time without spearing, the Sow being a very active one, and my horse (a powerful grey Arab), very violent and difficult to turn. At one turn he sprang clear over the Pig. F. at length got first spear, and some of the others coming up, the Sow was quickly despatched. Shortly after we had recommenced beating, a good-sized Boar started. I got away with the lead, but the brute jumped into a wet nullah and lay down, and my horse went on some distance before I could stop him. The Boar being soon turned out, the chase recommenced, and after a short run, F. again secured first spear, disabling the Boar so much that he at once stopped, and was quickly killed. Another heavy Boar was roused, but soon crossed a deep nullah and was lost. We now beat for some time without seeing anything, but at length a Boar got up in the middle of the line. I was on the extreme right, and was racing up with P., when we suddenly came to a dry nullah: it was too wide to jump, and it was too late to pull up: my horse hit the opposite bank, fell, and rolled over. I was only a little shaken, and we were at once up and going again, but were only in time to be at the death. F. had again secured first spear; making three in succession. We now went to the tents and breakfasted. In the afternoon we again went out, and a very short distance from Camp put up two Pig in long grass. One took to the open plain, and I followed her, and had all the galloping to myself for a long time: being only a Sow, however, she turned too quickly for my impetuous horse, and B., who had followed me, got first and second spears. I now got my horse straight, and spearing the Sow through the withers, dropped her dead: she fell under my horse's nose, and he jumped over her. When we rejoined the line, we found that two more Pig had been killed, C.

getting both spears. Another fine Boar was soon on foot, and gave a capital run over rather broken ground. I secured first spear, and gave him another that disabled him as he charged. All our horses having now had enough, we returned to the tents, having had a splendid day's sport.

On several occasions we had very good sport on the "Kurdar:" on the 8th of April, 1866, six of us met at Hastnapoor and killed four heavy Boars. The second run was one of the prettiest I ever saw: an old Boar was found fast asleep in a clump of grass, and on being turned out, took to the open plain where the grass had been cut, and nothing remained but soft turf: the riding, therefore, was first rate, and we all rattled the Boar along at racing pace, each one striving for the lead, and the Pig swerving slightly from side to side as one or another pressed him rather closer than the rest: it was a good race, and for some time it appeared as if it might be any one's spear. At length he inclined towards me, and lengthening my spear to the utmost, I dashed at him: the spear point was not six inches from his quarters, and I had almost shouted "first spear," when the Boar pitched on his head and rolled over on his right side, just out of my reach: this of course let in the others, and P. took first spear.

We were marching down country in 1868, when near Saharunpoor we heard news of Pig. Six of us went out, and proceeded to beat some sugar-cane fields, in which they were said to live. For some time we were unsuccessful, but we were at length informed that we should find the Pig lying in some green barley near a village. The crop was very high and rank, and when, after a time, there was a shout from the beaters that a Pig was on foot, we could not at first see him. P. was the first to sight the Boar at a considerable distance, as he reached some thinner corn, and he at once gave chase. I was not far behind, and had just reached his horse's quarters when we came to a wide piece of water. We took a pull at our horses, and I got through the deep mud and water with a struggle, but P.'s horse rolled over, and C., who came up directly afterwards, also came to grief. I now found myself alone and pressed the Boar as hard as I could, but he had a tremendous start, and had got his second wind before I came up to him. My horse began to tire while the Pig still seemed pretty fresh: at length I succeeded in turning him several times, and the others came up. P. gave him the first spear, and S. the second: my horse coming again I gave the Boar two spears in quick succession, and he then became very savage and took to fighting. He made charge after charge, and though he received a spear each time, he seemed to care little for his wounds. He knocked C.'s mare off her legs; and another horse, which was imprudently ridden *slowly* up to him, escaped being cut to pieces by a miracle. At last we despatched him, and had time to look over our horses: one only was slightly cut.

We next found an old Sow in the high corn; she would not leave it but kept running in circles, and, after I had given her a first spear, became desperately vicious. She charged everything that came in the way, including a coolie and a led horse, but fortunately did little harm. She, however, succeeded in slightly cutting my horse in the stifle before we killed her. The wound soon healed up, but afterwards the whole leg swelled to a great size, and the horse was unable to leave the stable for three weeks.

My next encounter with a Boar was not quite so satisfactory. On the 17th of March, we were encamped about twenty miles from Moradabad on the Bareilly road. The country was a level plain covered with growing corn, which, although nearly ripe, was, owing to the poorness of the soil, not much more than eighteen inches high. Several of us were lounging about the mess tent, late in the afternoon, when we heard shouts of "Junglee Soor," and on looking out saw a Boar galloping through some shallow water about three hundred yards from Camp. Just then one of our men fired a charge of shot at him, which of course did him no harm, but only served to enrage him. My horses were being cleaned, so that I shouted to a Syce to saddle one, ran to my tent for a spear, and was in the saddle and in pursuit of the Boar in little more than a minute. He was about three quarters of a mile off, but I could plainly see him, and I sent my horse along as hard as he could go. The Pig was going leisurely, and I soon came up and made him quicken his pace. Just then he espied two wretched natives standing in the corn, and at once changed his course and charged them. They turned to run, but one was instantly knocked over. I was close behind and the Boar went on. I soon overtook him, and gave him three spears in quick succession, but, in my hurry, I had unfortunately brought a blunt spear, and I did not do him much harm. Each thrust was followed by a most determined and vicious charge which it took me all I knew to avoid. I had no spurs. We now reached a field of higher corn, and the Boar, turning suddenly round, charged straight at my horse's chest. I had no time to get out of the way, and my horse was knocked off his legs, receiving a cut under the left knee. I was sent flying, but found myself on my feet in an instant, and had just time to lower my spear as the Boar rushed at me. The spear glanced and I was at once thrown down, and the Pig immediately attacked me on the ground, digging at me most savagely. I knew that my only chance was to prevent him from getting his tusks into my stomach; I, therefore, kept my left arm well to the front, and let him rip at it, while I seized him by the foreleg with the right hand, and tried to throw him. He was too strong for me and kept on cutting me; so finding that I could not get rid of him, I resolved to try the dodge of shamming. I therefore threw myself flat on my face and lay still, hoping the brute would leave me; however, he went on digging at me as viciously as ever, inflicting two severe cuts on my head. This would not do! so I jumped up, and grasping my spear with both hands, drove it with all my strength against his chest—but it would not penetrate, and I was again knocked down. I now began to think that matters were becoming rather serious, when, to my delight, I heard horses galloping. I shouted for help, and as they approached the Boar left me. S., R., and S. then rode up, having by great good luck come the right way, for they did not even know that I was in front of them.

I was scarlet from head to foot, and my clothes cut to ribbons. S. looked after me while the others went for a doolie. I was carried into Camp, and my wounds sewn up and dressed, a job which took nearly four hours! I had received about fifty wounds, two in the head, one in the foot, and the others pretty equally distributed between. S. and F. went out next day in search of my enemy, but they were unable to track him. They, however, beat a neighbouring jungle, in which they found a very savage Boar who may have been

the same one, but they soon lost him. I was luckily in very good health, so my wounds, many of which were very severe, quickly healed up, and I was on horseback again in a month. The tendons of my left arm, however, were injured, and I shall never recover the perfect use of that hand.

I shall always, in future, carry a large knife when out Pig-sticking, as, although an accident like mine, is of rare occurrence, it is as well to be prepared for the worst, and it is by no means pleasant to be cut to pieces, without the means of injuring one's antagonist.





THE RAVINE DEER.  
GAZELLA BENNETTII.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE RAVINE DEER.

## GAZELLA BENNETTII.

*Hindustani*—CHIKARA.*Punjabee*—HERRNEE.

THE Indian Gazelle, or Ravine Deer, as it is usually called, is found in many places in the Punjab and north-west, in fact, almost everywhere where the soil is dry and stony; though, as a rule, it is not found where cultivation is general, and the crops high and rank. It is numerous in the Salt Range, where it is often found on the same ground as the Oorial, and it may be found at intervals all along the Grand Trunk Road, as far as Delhi, and from there along the banks of the Jumna, as low as Allahabad. In the neighbourhood of Delhi, especially in the direction of Rohtuk, Ravine Deer are extremely plentiful, and in the less frequented districts, very tame.

The grace and elegance of the Gazelle, and the beauty of its soft dark eye are proverbial; and the animal is almost too well known to require description. The colour is a reddish fawn on the upper parts, and white beneath, with lines of a darker hue on the face and legs. The tail is about five inches long, it is jet black, and constantly in motion. The legs are very slender. The horns of the Buck vary from ten to fourteen inches in length: they are ringed to within three inches of the points, and are slightly curved: they are of close grain, black, and sharp pointed.

The female is a little smaller than the male; her horns are thin, nearly straight and very slightly ringed: they rarely exceed six inches in length. The Ravine Deer delights in dry and waste lands in the vicinity of crops to which it can go for food in the mornings and evenings. In the day-time, it may generally be found lying down among thorny bushes, or on a low sandhill, or other dry situation. Parties of from four or five to fifteen or twenty are usually met with, but solitary individuals are frequently seen. In the Salt Range, and in other ground much broken by ravines, these little Deer may be easily stalked, but in the open plains about Delhi and elsewhere, there is no concealment for the stalker, and the Deer must be approached in the open. The best way of obtaining a shot under these circumstances, is to have a good steady shooting horse, and either ride or walk up behind it, taking care to circle towards the head of the herd, who will thus generally let one near enough for a shot. When within range, let the horse walk on, and sit or kneel down to fire. Ravine Deer are restless little animals, and, when disturbed, generally keep constantly on the



move, whisking their tails and trotting away in a most provoking manner. Quick, as well as accurate, shooting is therefore necessary.

I first met with Ravine Deer when quartered at Delhi in 1863, and the two, which first fell to my rifle, were shot in rather a curious way. On the 20th of June, I rode out to Nunglowie, a village about seven miles from Delhi, on the Rohtuk Road. I soon found plenty of Ravine Deer, but they were terribly wild, and for a long time I was unable to get within shot. At length four Does galloped past within about eighty yards, and I bowled one of them over: on going up to her, I found that the bullet had severed the windpipe, merely cutting the throat as if it had been done with a knife. Shortly afterwards, as I was proceeding homewards, I saw a Buck standing, looking at me, and he remained motionless while I fired a steady shot at him at a hundred and fifty yards: he fell dead, and I found to my surprise, that the bullet had cut his throat in exactly the same manner as the Doe's!

The next time I went to Nunglowie, I was more successful, bagging four. In frequent excursions from Delhi I shot a good many, generally riding up to them on a favourite Cape horse in the manner I have recommended above. The finest pair of horns I ever got, measured thirteen and a quarter inches in length, but I have seen a pair over fourteen inches. The pair photographed measured about twelve inches.

At Hoti Maidan on the north-west frontier, the officers of the Guides used to hawk the Ravine Deer. The hawk used was the "Churrug" (*Falco Sacer*), and greyhounds were also used to assist. The falcons must, however, be "Eyasses" (young birds from the nest), and are only procurable in Cabul by making interest with some of the chiefs. I believe none have been lately procured, and the sport is not at present carried on. Few dogs could touch the Ravine Deer without the assistance of the falcon, which, by repeatedly stooping at the head of the Deer, confuses and partly stuns it.

I know of no animal which affords better practice than the Ravine Deer. It is small and restless, and requires really good shooting, while it is generally tame enough to afford a fair chance, either standing or running, within a reasonable sporting range. Although so small, there are few animals which will carry off more lead, and a broken leg seems to inconvenience it very little! It is as well, therefore, to have a couple of greyhounds in readiness to slip at a wounded one.





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THE INDIAN ANTELOPE.  
ANTILOPE BEZOARTICA.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE INDIAN ANTELOPE.

## ANTILOPE BEZOARTICA.

*Hindustani*.—HERAN.

THE Indian Antelope is found nearly all over India, though every here and there are wide tracts of country in which it is very rare. I am not aware of its existence beyond the River Jhelum, though I believe it was formerly to be found.

In the desert near Ferozepoor, in the Hissar District, and in the neighbourhood of Allyghur, are, I believe, the localities where it is most abundant. In the latter district a good shot might easily kill ten or fifteen in a day.

From being so common, the Black Buck, as the male is generally called, is not thought so much of as he would be if he were a rare animal, but he is really one of the most beautiful beasts in the world. He is most symmetrically made, and his colouring is bright and well contrasted. The upper parts are, in the old male, nearly jet black, with the exception of a brownish grey patch on the back of the neck, and some tan and white marks about the face. The lower parts are a brilliant white, and the line between the black and the white is clearly defined. The young Bucks are of a reddish fawn colour, gradually becoming mixed with black hairs as they grow older. When in good condition, the hair is beautifully smooth and glossy, and the coat in some lights has a bright golden tinge.

The horns are very graceful, spiral, and ringed nearly to the tips. They vary very much in shape, thickness, degree of twist, and length. I believe that the horns of what is considered a perfect head, should form two sides of an equilateral triangle, a line from tip to tip forming the third side. The longest horns I have ever seen measured twenty-six inches in length (direct measurement, not along the spiral); I have heard of horns measuring thirty inches, but have no authentic account of them; the horns from the neighbourhood of Ferozepoor are said to average a much greater length than those found lower down country. Twenty inches may be stated as the average size of the horns of a full-grown Buck.

The females are of a light fawn colour, with a whitish line along the side, and white beneath; they are destitute of horns.

The Black Buck has the glands beneath the eyes very largely developed, they secrete a substance which gives a powerful odour to the animal. Antelope are to be found both on cultivated ground and also on waste lands; in fact, almost everywhere where the jungle

is not very thick, though they frequently betake themselves to thin and scattered jungles during the heat of the day. They seem to prefer open and sandy places to lie on during the day-time, except when the crops are very high, at which time they conceal themselves in sugar cane, bajra, and other growing corn. Young grain is a very favourite food, and a field is sometimes almost ruined by the visits of a large herd.

Antelope are generally found in herds varying from eight or ten to two hundred in number, but solitary Black Buck are constantly met with, and herds of many thousands are sometimes seen. A herd is generally under the leadership of an old Buck, who fiercely drives away all intruders; sometimes a Buck will have a harem of fifteen or twenty Does.

Black Buck are very pugnacious, and sometimes fight so desperately, that they will allow a person to walk close up to them without observing him: Many have their horns broken in their combats, and I have seen a Black Buck, both of whose horns were broken off within three inches of the head. I once shot a Ravine Deer, whose horns had been similarly injured.

Being generally found in open plains, the Antelope can seldom be stalked in the proper acceptation of the term, but in places where they are not much shot at, they will usually allow the sportsman to approach within from one hundred to two hundred yards. The proper way is never to walk straight towards them, but to pass them at an angle, or, if they are on the move, to keep circling towards the head of the herd. If at all wild, by far the best plan is to take a steady shooting horse and approach under cover of him, as I recommended when writing about the Ravine Deer. Antelope almost always gaze for some time, even if they have suspected danger, so there is usually time to take a deliberate shot. Some men take a bullock or a country cart, and keep behind it while it is quietly driven near the herd; this is usually a very successful plan, but it is tedious, and I can't help thinking it is rather a poaching contrivance. Antelope will go away when very hard hit, and a wounded one will often give a capital run, if ridden after with spear or knife; the latter is nearly as good as the former, for the Buck runs so game, that he will not, as a rule, give a chance of spearing him until he is so completely exhausted, that he drops with fatigue, when one may dismount and cut his throat. A pair of greyhounds are, however, most useful, as they will pull down a wounded Buck much quicker than he could be ridden down on an ordinary horse, and show capital sport. They have no chance with an unwounded Buck, though on a few exceptional occasions one has been run into by first-rate dogs.

My first experience with Antelope was at Agra, on my way up country in 1860. I went out one afternoon and wounded a fine Buck very badly. Mounting my horse, I galloped as hard as I could, but at length lost him in high grass, to my great disappointment. My next essay was at Thanésur, about twenty-five miles from Umballa, when I bagged two Buck, one of whose portraits is here given. He afforded an example of the way in which Antelope will go away after receiving a mortal wound. He was lying in company with five or six Does on a bare plain studded with patches of dāk jungle. They had apparently not observed me, and I stalked up behind a clump of bushes which was within easy shot of them. Something had alarmed them, however, for on looking through

the bushes I saw them galloping away. Kneeling down, I fired both barrels at the Buck, at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, but nothing showed that he was hit. The herd disappeared behind another clump of bushes, and presently the Does reappeared, but no Buck. I therefore ran on and soon saw him on his knees, and before I reached him he was dead. The bullet had entered the flank and passed out at the opposite shoulder. His horns were about twenty-three inches in length. I have shot many Black Buck, but the sport, though capital rifle practice, is tame compared with other shooting to be met with. An accurate rifle is required, as, unless a Buck is hit in the right place, he will go away almost as if nothing had happened. The best shooting I ever made was in September, 1866, when, in the Kardar, or old bed of the Ganges, I knocked over six Black Buck with a Whitworth rifle, without a miss. A week before, I had killed three Black Buck, my three last shots with the same rifle; so I had shot nine without a miss. Eight of them I bagged, the ninth escaping very hard hit into some long grass, where I lost him. These nine shots were at all distances, from one hundred up to nearly three hundred yards. The great difficulty in Antelope, as in all other shooting, is to judge distance correctly. If this faculty is once acquired, no shooting is so easy. A Black Buck affords a beautiful target, the angle where the black and white join behind the shoulder, being the point to aim at.

## CHAPTER XX.

## HINTS ON TRAVELLING.

WHEN shooting in the hills, it is important to travel as light as possible. If many coolies are required, great delay is often occasioned by the difficulty of collecting them, and there is always more trouble in getting a long string of coolies to accomplish a hard march, than a small number, who can be kept together and made to go along.

On the other hand, it is a mistake to go uncomfortably, without tent, servants, or ordinary necessities. After several years' experience in the hills, I have come to the conclusion that, for one man, twelve coolies are necessary for a long trip. I give a list of things which I consider indispensable.

The loads would be thus distributed :

					Coolies.
Small tent for self, and one for servants	..	..	..	..	2
Bedding, and servants' do.	..	..	..	..	2
Clothes and books	..	..	..	..	1
Canteen (cooking pots, plates, &c.)	..	..	..	..	1
Tea, sugar, and other stores	..	..	..	..	1
Brandy and other stores	..	..	..	..	1
Ammunition	..	..	..	..	1
Gun and rifle	..	..	..	..	2
Sundries..	..	..	..	..	1
Total					12

Any one who wishes to take more luxuries can, of course, easily calculate how many extra coolies he requires. A light camp chair and table might be considered necessary by some, and it is always advisable to carry a light cane stool or two. They can be put on the top of any load. By this arrangement all the loads will be light, and there will be no excuse for coolies lagging behind. Nothing is such a nuisance as having to wait for hours for tent and dinner after a long day's march. These loads could be easily carried by six mules or ponies, or by four Yâk, where beasts of burden are procurable.

Two servants from the plains are quite sufficient—a Khidmutgar (cook and table attendant), and a Bheestie (water carrier). Care should be taken to engage strong men,





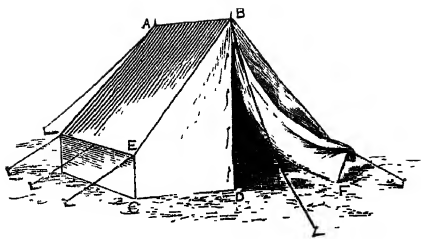


FIG. 1.

AB = 7 ft. 6 ins.  
CF = 8 ft. 6 ins.  
CE = 2 ft.  
BD = 7 ft.

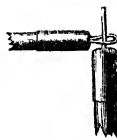


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

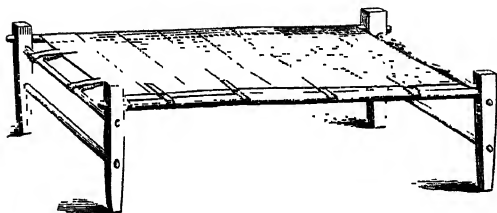


FIG. 4.

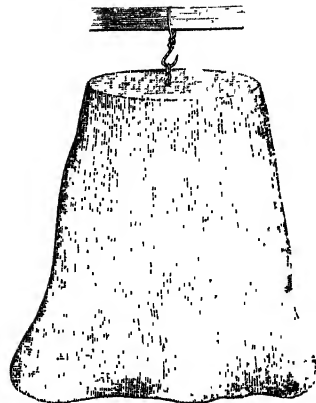
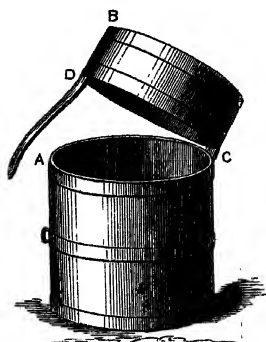
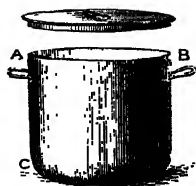


FIG. 5.



A LEATHER CANTEN CASE.

AB = 10 ins.  
AC = 12 ins.  
DE = 7 ins.



B LARGEST DEGSY.

AB = 10 ins.  
AC = 7½ ins.



C TEAPOT OR KETTLE.

FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

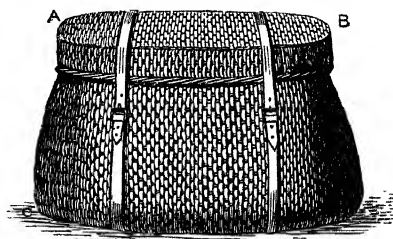


FIG. 8.

AB = 24 ins.  
AC = 15 ins.

and, if possible, those who have been in the hills before. If one's servants fall sick, one is reduced to the unpleasant necessity of cooking one's own food. The Bheestie should be made to bring *two* "mussucks."

With regard to Shikarries; if a really hard working man, who is a good walker and can clean guns, and skin and preserve animals, can be found, he will be extremely useful as an attendant, and would save one coolie; but such a servant is very rarely to be met with. No man can be generally useful *as a Shikarrie*, *i.e.* to show you the haunts of game. For this purpose, you should engage a man at each place you go to, and pay him according to the amount of game he shows you. In some parts it is very difficult to get any one to show game, and I fear that this has sometimes been caused by Englishmen foolishly thrashing a luckless villager who has failed to show them sport. Of course, if he did this purposely he would richly deserve all he got, but a sportsman will easily discover whether a man is humbugging him or not; and the beginner should be careful that he does not punish a man for no greater crime than bad luck! In some parts of the country the people will utterly deny the existence of game. *Do not believe this*, if you have good reason to believe that there is game, but insist upon having a good guide and look for yourself. In almost every village there is some man who does a little hunting on his own account, and, if you make it worth his while, he will show you the haunts of the animals. Natives generally hate to have Englishmen staying in their villages, and will tell any lies to get rid of a traveller—but all this is ather a digression, and as I am giving hints on Camp Equipment I will commence with

#### TENTS.

Tents should be as light as possible. A common pâl tent, of the shape and dimensions given in the plate (Fig. 1), is what I recommend. Such a tent will weigh, with poles and iron pegs, about 40 lb., and will cost about 35 rupees. The poles should be made of stout *male* bamboo, rather thicker than an ordinary spear shaft. They should be shod with iron, the ends of the ridge pole fitting on to the uprights (*see* Fig. 2). A couple of spare poles should be carried for each tent. The tent pegs should be made of iron and furnished with rings (as in Fig. 3). They should not be too heavy. Twelve are required to pitch such a tent as described; they should be counted every time Camp is struck or pitched. A small trench should be dug round the tent *every* night, however fine the weather may be. Thunderstorms often come on when least expected. For the same reason the full number of pegs should always be used. I have unpleasant recollections of a wet tent coming down on me one night during a tremendous thunderstorm: the evening had been perfectly fine, and my servants had only driven enough pegs to keep the tent standing. In Thibet alone is the precaution of the trench unnecessary, as there it hardly ever rains. Large stones may there be advantageously placed round the tent, partly to supply the place of pegs, which are sometimes with difficulty driven into the stony soil.



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## BEDS AND BEDDING.

Although I slept on the ground for years, I am sure that it is quite worth while to take a light portable bedstead. One is then kept out of the wet, less liable to the attacks of insects, and also less exposed to wind. The best sort I know is a very simple one, consisting of two ends and two side poles, with a bottom of strong canvas and leather, sewn so as to slip over one pole and buckling to the other side, and at the head and foot, so as to be tightened as required (Fig. 4). The ends should be strongly fastened together, and the sides should slip easily into holes cut in the four legs. Thick male bamboos are best for the sides. The length and width should be according to the size of the person requiring it. Such a bed is put together or taken to pieces in two minutes: the ends and canvas can be strapped up with the bedding, and the two side poles given to any two coolies. The tent poles may be distributed in the same way, and serve as walking sticks for the coolies.

For bedding, two waterproof sheets, four or five warm blankets and a pillow or two are required, but no linen sheets. Everything should be rolled tightly up in the waterproof sheets, and a coarse blanket or a piece of painted canvas is useful as an outside wrapper. In some parts of the hills, mosquito curtains are almost indispensable, as well on account of the flies by day as the mosquitoes at night. A very simple and portable arrangement is, to suspend curtains from a cane hoop, which can be hung up anywhere: the netting falls over the head and shoulders. (See Fig. 5.)

## CLOTHES AND BOOKS.

These must, of course, depend in great measure upon the taste of the travellers. It must, however, be borne in mind that the supply of books must be limited, and those should accordingly be selected which will bear reading over and over again. Some are necessary; no one who has not been alone for months can appreciate the blessings of a book when one has long idle hours to get through. I have been so hard up for literature, that I have studied with the deepest interest the label on a bottle of sauce! Keeping a journal, by-the-bye, helps to kill time, and those who sketch, I need hardly remind, will find never ending employment for their pencils.

With regard to clothes, colour is most important: this cannot be too strongly insisted on. Nothing can be better adapted for shooting suits than the woollen stuffs made in Cashmere and other parts of the hills: they are soft, warm, and exactly the right colour, a sort of brownish grey.

Two warm suits ought to be sufficient, and one or two suits of American drill dyed khakee colour for the hotter valleys, but woollen clothes are much preferable if they can be worn.

I always wear a short jacket, buttoned up to the throat, and knickerbockers. On the legs, I think nothing is so good as the Cashmere bandages (putties): these are made of woollen stuff about four inches wide, and are twisted spirally round the leg from the ankle to the knee. They support the leg, and save it from bruises and from cold.

With regard to head-dress, opinions vary. Even in the high hills the sun is very powerful, and the head should be well covered. I always wear a pugree, or turban, twisted like a native's, over a small skull-cap. The advantages of the turban are, that it affords a sufficient protection from the sun; is soft, causing no unpleasant pressure on the forehead; can be taken off, if not wanted, and made use of as a rope, or tied round the waist; and one can lie down and sleep in it.

In Thibet, I wear a knitted woollen helmet with a mask, covering head and face, leaving only two holes for the eyes. This I adopted after two summers in Thibet, during which I suffered terribly from the effects of the dry cold and sun on my face. My lips and nose were cracked and deeply fissured, and used to stream with blood when I talked, ate, or laughed. After adopting the mask, I never suffered again from cracked lips. Warm socks or stockings are most necessary: they may be bought very cheap in Cashmere, but they soon wear out, and I recommend home made ones.

Well-fitting boots or shoes are most essential to the comfort of the sportsman in the hills. I know some men who prefer English boots, but for my own part I never could wear them. The great requisites in boots and shoes are, that they shall be roomy but not too loose, broad on the sole, low in the heel, and so constructed as not to press upon the toes, and thereby blister them when going down hill. Most provinces in the hills have their own peculiar *chaussure*, but none is so well adapted for walking on dangerous ground as the Cashmere grass shoe or sandal (pooller). It is made of rice straw twisted into rope, and then ingeniously plaited and formed into a sort of shoe. In order to wear the grass shoe properly, the great toe must be free to admit of a string passing between the toes, so socks made on purpose, with a separate division for the great toe, are usually worn. The grass shoe affords a firm hold on the most slippery rocks, and on hard ice and snow; and one can go in places where it would be impossible to walk in boots. A similar shoe may be made of hemp instead of rice straw; it is equally good and more durable, but more expensive.

I believe boots are now made in England on purpose for Alpine walking, so perhaps they would be suitable for the Himalayas, though I can hardly fancy that the "peaks, passes, and glaciers," which are visited every season by so many hundred tourists, can be nearly such difficult or dangerous walking as the generality of Ibex and Markhoor ground; where, as my experience has shown me, very few men can really feel at home. Of course, I do not include the perilous ascents of the Matterhorn and other peaks, feats of which I could never see the advantage.

My idea of the wardrobe, requisite for a six months' trip in the hills, is as follows:—

2 Warm shooting suits.

2 Light ditto.

- 6 Flannel shirts.
- 12 Pairs of socks.
- 12 Pocket handkerchiefs.
- 2 Caps and turbans.
- 6 Pairs of good boots or shoes.
- Brushes, combs, towels, &c., &c.

#### CANTEEN.

I had a very compact and portable canteen made, which contains every requisite, viz. :—

4 Degshies, or cooking pots, made of copper well tinned.

Frying pan, gridiron.

Kettle and teapot.

4 Plates, cup and saucer of enamelled iron, knives, forks, and spoons.

The whole fitted into one another, and into a strong leather case, hooped with iron.  
*See Fig. 6.*

All the degshies fit into one another, and with kettle, teapot, and cup, go into the case itself. Gridiron and frying pan on the top of degshies. A leather bag, with divisions, to contain plates, goes in the lid of the case. *Fig. 7.*

#### STORES.

Ordinary portmanteaux and bullock trunks are too heavy for coolies to carry, when packed with clothes or stores. Various shaped baskets, called kiltas, are usually employed by the natives, but they are inconvenient to pack, and are not well adapted for being slung on ponies or yâks. I recommend a strong oval basket covered with skin, such as is to be procured at Nynsee Tal (*see Fig. 8*). This has the advantage of being light and water-proof, and is equally convenient either for coolies or ponies.

For supplies for six months, I should say—

- 12 lbs. Tea,
- 6 bottles of Brandy,
- 4 Bottles of sauce,
- Salt, pepper, and other spices,
- Sugar,
- A few Tins of soup.

Flour can generally be procured wherever you go, but if you are travelling in Thibet, a large supply will be necessary, according to the time you may be away. Other luxuries can be taken according to fancy.

## GUNS AND RIFLES.

With regard to guns and rifles, let every one please himself as to weight, bore, &c. One point should be particularly borne in mind. Judging distance is the great difficulty in shooting—therefore, have a rifle with the lowest trajectory you can get. Unless you use a small bore rifle, it is, undoubtedly, a great advantage to have gun and rifle of the same bore.

People at home are sometimes deterred from bringing breech-loaders out to India, by the fear of not being able to get cartridges. This apprehension is groundless, cartridges are nearly as easily procured in India, as powder and shot.

Until recently I had no faith in breech-loaders, although I was well aware of many of their advantages. I have, however, seen a good deal of them lately, and am convinced that their very slight disadvantages are more than compensated for by the ease, quickness, and noiselessness of loading, to say nothing of the facilities for keeping them clean. I cannot see that a breech-loader is more liable to get out of order than a muzzle-loader, indeed I should say it was less so.

It will save you carrying a lot of shot if you take a light pea rifle, with which you can shoot Hares, and frequently Pheasants and Chuckore, with the additional advantage of making no noise. I have often had to refrain from “potting” a Hare or a Pheasant which would have been a welcome addition to the larder, because I was afraid of disturbing large game.

For six months I would take about—

300 Rifle cartridges,  
200 Gun ditto.

The gun cartridges had better be ready loaded ; but I think it is, perhaps, better to load rifle cartridges as they are wanted, as powder in small quantities loses strength, and unequal shooting is the result.

I have put down one coolie for ammunition, but it is as well not to have “all one’s eggs in one basket,” as coolies occasionally drop their loads into a river: it is better, therefore, to distribute one’s cartridges among the various loads.

In addition to articles that I have mentioned, the sportsman should never be without telescope, flint and steel, portable sun-dial, arsenical soap, a strong lantern, string, needles and thread, knife, hatchet, green or neutral tint goggles, sticking plaister, caustic, quinine, chlorodyne, and a few other medicines and odds and ends, which will doubtless occur to any one. Before starting on an expedition, make out a list of everything you require, and count everything over, or you will be sure to find that you have left some most necessary article behind.



## EXPENSES.

As few people seem to have any idea of the cost of travelling in the hills, I give a rough estimate. In many hill provinces, the rate of coolies' pay is fixed at the high rate of four annas a-day.

I have, therefore, placed this (the maximum), as the standard rate. Prices of provisions vary, but in some States the rates charged are most exorbitant, and I cannot understand on what principle the people receive official encouragement to rob the English traveller.

				Per Mensem.
12 Coolies at 4 annas each per diem	..	..	..	Rs. 90
Flour, rice, milk, &c.	..	..	..	Rs. 10
Fowls and mutton (when game cannot be procured)	..	.	..	Rs. 10
Sundry expenses, including servants	..	..	..	Rs. 40
Total rupees ..				150

This is really nearly double what it would cost one to shoot in Ladak, Cashmere, Spiti, or Lahool. If you go into Thibet by the Niti, or any of the neighbouring passes, you must be prepared to pay heavily for everything, as the Bhotiahs have been completely spoiled by the injudicious liberality of the earlier visitors to those parts.

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In no country in the world can the sportsman travel so easily and comfortably as in the plains of India. There, everything is carried on camels, and one can move about from place to place with every comfort, or even luxury, at a very moderate expense. In addition to the hill outfit, a single poled tent, about fourteen feet square will be required. The sort usually called a hill tent, is, perhaps, the most convenient, and the most readily procured. Two camels will carry it, and a few things besides. A good strong table and chairs, a large hand punkah, and plenty of light clothes, if the weather is hot, are also required; and, unless you are one of that unhappy and uncharitable body, the teetotallers, you will find the benefit of being able to enjoy your bottle of beer or claret after a hard day's work; pleasure which you are forced to deny yourself in the hills.

You will also probably have one or more horses or ponies, according to your tastes and means, and the usual staff of native servants will be necessary.

You should not require more than five camels, which only cost eight or nine rupees a-month.





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